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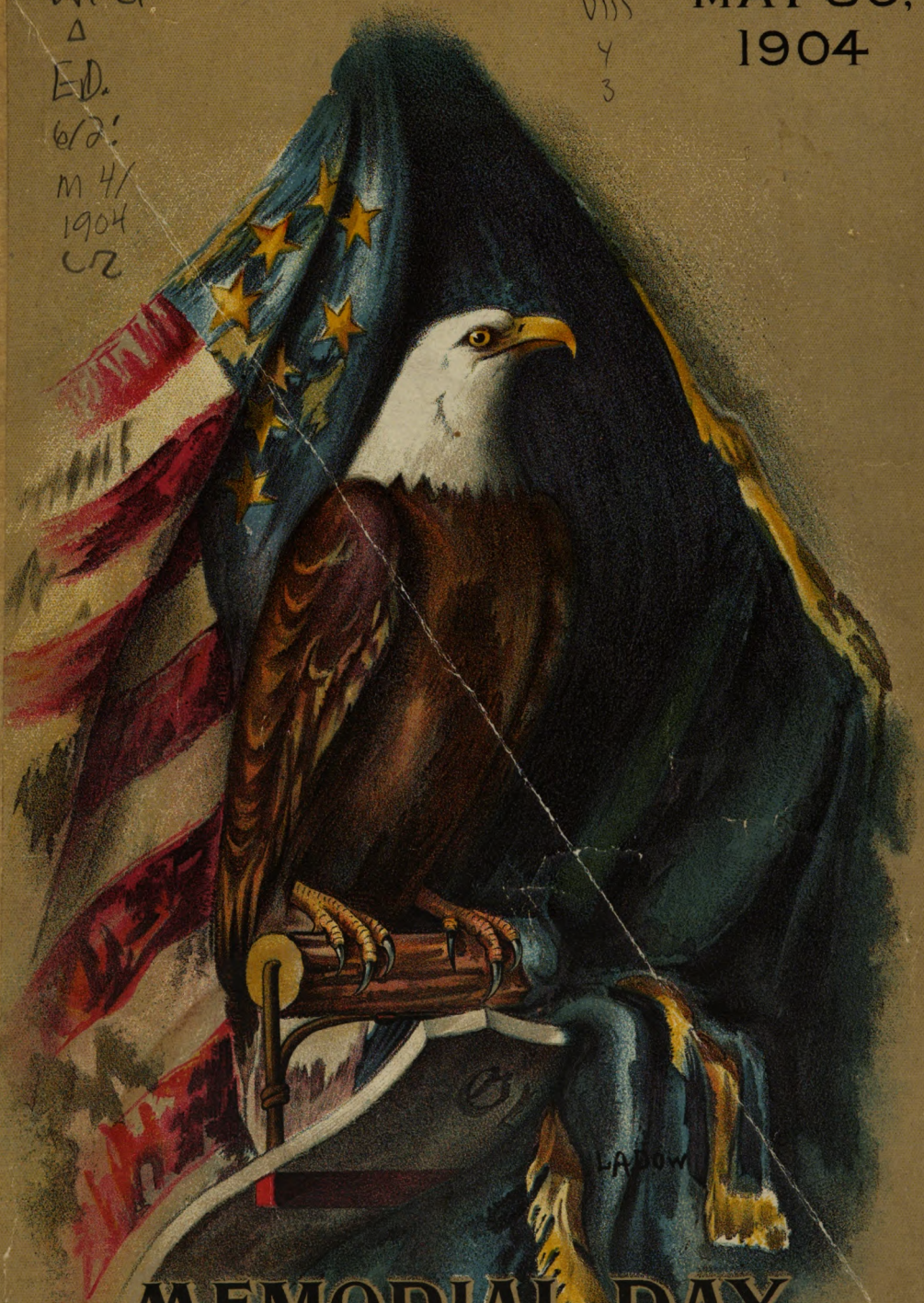

MEMORIAL DAY

IN WISCONSIN SCHOOLS

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THE MILWAUKEE LITHO. COMPANY.

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By close packed graves
Slow progress paves
The roadway to the goal
Nor counts the cost
Of atoms lost
To make the purposed whole.

And he who dies
Because he tries
To stand by what seems right,
Is part for aye,
Of God's highway,
That leads out to the Light.

Written especially for the Memorial Day Annual, Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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Memorial Day Annual

PREPARED AND ISSUED BY

C. P. CARY

STATE SUPERINTENDENT

MADISON, WIS.
DEMOCRAT PRINTING COMPANY, STATE PRINTER.
1904.

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Introduction.

It is Memorial Day again. We bring our annual offering to the graves of our honored dead. As we sadly strew our flowers and stand in the camp of the fallen heroes, our hearts are mellowed with emotions of praise and thanks. The practice of having one day set aside each year for commemoration of the soldier's work has become fixed. The thirtieth of May is a legal holiday almost nationally observed. The day needs no proclamation. It is unnecessary for those in authority to urge its observance. Commemoration is a natural emotion, and memorial exercises become personal ceremonies.

We must be alive to one fact. In a short time these commemorative exercises of the sleeping soldiers will not be carried on by those who fought by their sides. The impressive scene of the surviving veterans marching to church on Memorial Sunday to listen to a sermon which their own lives have made real to the world, and the more impressive scene as the same scarred veterans carry their floral tributes to deck the graves of their heroic brothers who lie sleeping that the country may live, will soon exist only in our memories. You and I must aid the soldier's son and widow in honoring the men who a generation ago faced death that this government might not perish. It is a privilege that this sacred trust comes to our hands. We must prepare ourselves for it. Though our hands are unused to the instruments of war, we must keep green the graves and the memories of our heroes.

The few surviving comrades should be exempt from the sterner duties. Each community should have an organization to take entire charge of the exercises in which the veterans should be the guests of honor. Some such organizations are described in this Annual. I trust they shall become realities in all of the communities in the state, thus giving added expression to Wisconsin's gratitude for the soldier's work.

The 1904 Annual might be called the "Old Abe" Annual. The beautiful cover was drawn by a local artist. Old Abe was taken

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from his case and the old battle-scarred flags that accompanied him through the war were draped behind him. The artist has put the colors into the picture as they really exist. It is a faithful reproduction. The story of Old Abe is prepared especially for this Annual and is a chronicle of facts as they have been narrated to Mr. Rood by those who "were intimately acquainted" with the old war eagle.

This year the Memorial Day Annual has departed from its usual line of material. There seemed to be several good reasons for this change. Many suggestions have come to the department that the selections heretofore published were in advance of the pupils in the lower grades, and especially in the rural schools. The teachers will welcome the material adapted to the capabilities of the younger pupils. Past Annuals were largely composed of standard selections of a patriotic nature, and parts of speeches of prominent men on memorial occasions. While it is necessary to print a few of these for convenience of recitation in the memorial program, they are incidental to the general body of the book. In 1901 the state provided for a Memorial hall. Under the direction of Mr. Rood this hall has become a classified store-house of memorial material. A brief account of the hall appeared in last year's Annual. It would seem to be the duty of the state superintendent to use this material in the preparation of this Annual, to say nothing of his privilege. A distinctive characteristic of the 1904 Annual is that almost all the articles were written especially for it, and most of them relate entirely to our own state. Wisconsin has been a typical state in the onward march to freedom and better government. Indeed, it has been a leader. In every fight her sons have been amongst the first to reach the firing line, and the last to leave. In the charge at Gettysburg, in the capture of Jefferson Davis, at San Juan, and in the taking of the wily Aguinaldo, Wisconsin men participated. In the story of Wisconsin we have the story of the best courage, love of country, and devotion to duty that can be told of the nation.

I wish to thank all those who so kindly contributed material, and especially Mr. H. W. Rood, whose services were invaluable.

C. P. Cary,
State Superintendent.

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Chronological History of Wisconsin.

[Condensed from R. G. Thwaites's History of Wisconsin, in Blue Book for 1903.]

WISCONSIN UNDER FRENCH DOMINION, 1634–1763.

a. Explorers and Missionaries.

1634.—Jean Nicolet landed at Green Bay, and explored Fox River.

1654-60.—Pierre Radisson and Medard Chouart des Grosseilliers visited the interior of Wisconsin and explored Lake Superior, building a fort near Ashland.

1660-61.—Father Pierre Ménard began a mission in Keweenaw Bay, and was lost in the forests of Northern Wisconsin.

1665-68.—Father Claude Allouez built a mission in Chequamegon Bay.

1669.—Allouez established mission of St. Francis Xavier at De Pere.

1670.—St. Lusson took possession of the Northwest for the French king.

1673.—Louis Jolliet and Father Jacques Marquette passed through Wisconsin on their voyage to discover the Mississippi River.

1679.—La Salle skirted the eastern shore of Wisconsin, landing at Milwaukee. Du Luth explored the Upper Mississippi.

1685-91.—Nicholas Perrot established trading posts and worked lead mines in Western Wisconsin.

1693.—Le Sueur built forts at Chequamegon Bay, and on the Mississippi.

1699-1700.—Father St. Cosme visited east shore of Wisconsin and Milwaukee Bay.

1700-02.—Le Sueur explored mines of Western Wisconsin and Minnesota.

b. The Fox Wars.

1712.—The Fox Indians murdered French traders; many Foxes slain at siege of Detroit.

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1716.—Expedition of Louvigny against Fox towns in Wisconsin; savages compelled to make peace.

1718.—St. Pierre established a post and garrison on Chequamegon Bay.

1720-25.—The Foxes made alliance with the Sioux, and began war upon French Indians.

1721.—Father Charlevoix visited and described the Green Bay region.

1726-27.—Temporary peace made with the Foxes.

1728.—Fort Beauharnais built on Lake Pepin. Marchand de Lignery invaded Wisconsin with a large force of French and Indians; the Foxes escaped; failure of the expedition. Post at Green Bay destroyed; Fort Beauharnais abandoned.

1730.—Foxes defeated by De Villiers on the Illinois prairie.

1732.—Posts on Lake Pepin and at Green Bay re-established. Copper mines on Lake Superior discovered.

1733.—De Villiers attempting to seize remnant of the Foxes in refuge among the Sauks at Green Bay, was killed, and Sauks united with Foxes in hostility to French.

1734.—De Noyelles unsuccessfully pursued the Sauks and Foxes into Iowa.

1735.—First vessel built on Lake Superior, for the copper trade.

1737.—Post on Lake Pepin abandoned.

1739-41.—Marin pacified the Wisconsin Indians.

1747-49.—Revolt of Western Indians against the power of the French.

1750.—Marin repressed conspiracy at Green Bay. Sauks and Foxes retired to Western Wisconsin.

1750 (about).—Charles Langlade, first permanent white inhabitant of Wisconsin, began settlement at Green Bay.

1755-58.—Langlade led Wisconsin Indians in attack upon Braddock, and at the siege of Quebec.

1760.—Wisconsin posts included in capitulation of Montreal.

1761.—Post at Green Bay surrendered to English, who rename it Fort Edward Augustus.

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WISCONSIN UNDER ENGLISH DOMINION, 1763–1783.

1763.—Formal cession to British. Wisconsin Indians refuse to join Pontiac's Conspiracy. Lieutenant Gorrell from Fort Edward Augustus, rescued English prisoners taken at Mackinac.

1766.—Capt Jonathan Carver explored and described Wisconsin.

1774.—Wisconsin was, by the "Quebec Act," included in the Province of Quebec.

1777-81.—Wisconsin Indians, led by Langlade, aided the British in Revolutionary War.

1778.—Godefroy Linctot induced Western Wisconsin Indians to enter into alliance with George Rogers Clark in the American interest.

1779.—Captain Robertson, in a British sloop, visited posts on Lake Michigan in English interest.

1781.—First permanent settlement of Prairie du Chien.

1783.—Territory of the Northwest ceded to United States by Treaty of Paris.

WISCONSIN UNDER AMERICAN DOMINION, 1783–1903.

a. Period of British Influence.

1783-96.—British retained the posts. Dominance of the fur-trade.

1786-88.—Dubuque began work at lead mines in Southwest Wisconsin.

1795.—North West Fur Company built posts at Kewaunee, Sheboygan, Manitowoc, and Milwaukee.

1796.—Posts of the Northwest surrendered to United States, who for twenty years furnished no garrisons to Wisconsin.

1800.—Indiana Territory organized, including Wisconsin within St. Clair County.

1804.—Treaty with Sauks and Foxes, ceding Southern Wisconsin.

1809.—Illinois Territory organized, including Wisconsin.

1811.—Wisconsin Indians joined Tecumseh, and participated in Battle of Tippecanoe.

1812-14.—Wisconsin Indians, under leadership of British fur-traders, aided English in Detroit and Indiana.

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1814.—British expedition from Mackinac under Major McKay, captured American Fort Shelby at Prairie du Chien, and named it Fort McKay.

b. Growth and Development.

1815.—American dominion in Wisconsin established. Fort at Prairie du Chien surrendered to Americans.

1816.—Fort Crawford built at Prairie du Chien, and Fort Howard at Green Bay.

1818.—Wisconsin made part of Michigan Territory.

1822.—New York Indians removed to Wisconsin.

1823.—First district court held at Prairie du Chien.

1826.—Inrush of settlers to the lead mines.

1827.—The Winnebago War.

1828.—Indians ceded lead-mine region to United States. Fort Winnebago built near Portage.

1832.—The Black Hawk War. Black Hawk hid in the swamps of Lake Koshkonong; was pursued through the Four Lake region; defeated at Wisconsin Heights, and later at Battle of Bad Axe.

1833.—Milwaukee settled. First newspaper established at Green Bay.

1836.—Wisconsin Territory organized; capital located at Madison; Henry Dodge appointed governor.

1838.—Congress appropriated land for the University of Wisconsin.

1846.—First convention to draw up a state constitution, which was rejected by popular vote.

1847.—Second constitutional convention.

1848.—Wisconsin admitted to the union as a state.

1849.—First railway begun. Both the State Historical Society and the University organized.

1854.—Republican party organized. Resistance to fugitive slave law.

1861-65.—Wisconsin furnished 90,000 troops for War of Secession.

1871.—Forest fires in Northern Wisconsin caused great loss of life.

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1882.—Constitution amended, to provide biennial sessions of the legislature.

1893.—Financial panic; failure of Milwaukee banks.

1896.—Free traveling library system initiated.

1898.—Wisconsin equipped four regiments for the Spanish-American War.

1900.—State Historical Library building dedicated.

The Day of the Dead.

When the days grow long, and the grasses glisten,
  Impearled with tears the night has shed,
When birds all sing, and the trees all listen,
  There comes to us the Day of the Dead.
Dearer far than gems, or than golden treasure,
  Is their dust whose memory Honor keeps,
And the Nation leaves its toil and its pleasure,
  To garland each bed where a hero sleeps.

We have grown old—they are young forever,
  With glory's halo around each head;
Our names will die—but forgotten never
  Are those on the roll of the Nation's dead.
Past is the pain and the bitter aching—
  Our sacred dead are their country's now;
And the hearts that throbbed well-nigh to breaking
  Calmly above their ashes bow.

Peace to them—peace forever and ever!
  Here shall no rude alarm intrude;
The jarring world shall disturb them never,
  They know not of war, or war's interlude.
Bring to their graves no thought of sorrow—
  Why should we mourn o'er our country's dead?
Their fame shall grow bright through many a morrow,
  And shine like the stars when the day has fled.

Bring laurel and pine for their memory immortal,
  And roses, red roses, to emblem the love
Which follows them even through the dark portal,
  And pansies, for thought of their welcome above.
Bring roses—white—for their purpose holy,
  And 'mid the sweet flowers which are strewn at its side,
Whether his rank was high or was lowly,
  Set the Banner of Stars, for which each one died.

—*Ninette M. Lowater.*

Rock Elm, Wisconsin.

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Old Abe, the Wisconsin War Eagle.

(Written especially for the MEMORIAL DAY ANNUAL.)

In the Grand Army Memorial Hall in the Capitol, at Madison, there stands a glass case containing the mounted remains of "Old Abe," the famous war eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin regiment. I think a short story about him worthy a place in our Memorial Day Annual.

In the early spring of 1861 some Indians got a young eagle from a nest in a tall pine tree. I am not certain just where that pine tree stood. Frank A. Flower, who several years ago wrote a history of that little eagle, says it grew near the Flambeau river and close to the boundary line between Price and Ashland counties. But others say the baby eagle was taken from a nest in the town of Eagle Point, in Chippewa county, eighty miles southwest from where Mr. Flower says he was found. I do not suppose it makes very much difference, anyhow. If Chief Sky, the young Indian who captured the bird, were here I presume he could tell me all about it, but I suspect that he has before this gone to the happy hunting grounds. One thing is certain: Chief Sky and some other Indians stopped one day in April at the pioneer home of Daniel McCann, ten miles up the Chippewa river from Chippewa Falls, and wanted to sell the little eagle to Mrs. McCann. I had the pleasure last June of visiting Mrs. McCann at her home in Chippewa Falls. Though 83 years old, her memory was good, and she told me what she knew about the bird that has become so famous.

"Yes," said she, "I guess it was along in April when Chief Sky and a few other Indians came to our house up at Jim Falls and wanted to sell us a young bird they called an eagle. He wasn't old enough then to fly. I told them I thought it was a crow, but they declared it was an eagle. I told them I had no use for him, anyhow, but they were still anxious to make a trade. Then I said I'd give them the bag of corn there—oh, I guess there was about a bushel of it,—and so they took the corn and left the bird. As he couldn't fly, it was not much trouble to keep him. But it was not

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long before he could use his wings a little, and then he'd bother us about getting away. Sometimes he'd get clear down below the falls, as much as half a mile away, and the children would have to keep running after him to prevent him from getting away from us for good. He got to be ugly, too, and we had to tie him up.

"After a while he came to be so much of a plague that we made up our minds to get rid of him in some way. My husband took him down to Chippewa Falls and tried to sell him to some soldiers that were going to the war; but they didn't want him. After that he went down to Eau Claire and sold him to the soldiers there. I never saw him again. I've heard that folks have made a great deal of fuss over him since then."

This is Mrs. McCann's story. I am glad to have heard her tell it. She was born in Manitoba January 1, 1820, and after her marriage came to Chippewa county to live. She died at Chippewa Falls November 9, 1903.

At Eau Claire Captain John E. Perkins was raising a company of soldiers for the war. They called themselves the Eau Claire Badgers. When Mr. McCann brought the young eagle there they were greatly interested in the bird. Some of them said it would be a fine thing to take him into the company and carry him to war with them. And so he was bought for two and a half dollars and became the property of the company. By common consent the name was changed, and the Eau Claire Badgers became the Eau Claire Eagles.

On the 6th day of September Captain Perkins started with his company of soldiers for Camp Randall, at Madison. They went by steamer down the Chippewa and Mississippi rivers to La Crosse, and from there by rail to Madison. It is said that at La Crosse a gentleman offered Captain Perkins $200 for the eagle, but the captain told him it was the pet of the company and not for sale. The young bird had, somehow, risen in value. First, bought for a bushel of corn, then for two dollars and a half and now worth more than $200! What do you suppose good Mrs. McCann up in the log cabin thought when she heard of that?

This Eau Claire company, when it marched from the depot in Madison to Camp Randall, attracted a great deal of attention, but it was, of course, all on account of the eagle. And then when the

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company marched through the gate into camp, seeming to feel the dignity of the occasion, he did something that stirred the heart of every man of them with pride and patriotism,—he seized with his beak one corner of the flag floating over him, spread wide his wings and kept them flapping while the company marched across the camp to headquarters.

Captain Perkins here named the young eagle "Old Abe" in honor of our good president, Abraham Lincoln. Thousands of people, some of them distinguished men and women, came to camp in those days to see the soldiers, but they found nothing more attractive there than Old Abe. The "Eau Claire Eagles" became Company C of the Eighth Wisconsin regiment, and so the regiment soon came to be known as the Eagle Regiment. A perch was made for Old Abe to stand on. It was in the form of a shield fastened like a slanting platform on the top of a 5-foot staff. Six inches above the shield there was a cross-piece for a perch. The stars and stripes were painted on this shield, also the letters, "8th Reg. W. V." A man was detailed to take care of Old Abe and carry him on the march. He wore a belt with a socket attached. Into this socket he set the bottom of the staff and held it erect with his right hand. In this way Old Abe was lifted up into plain sight above the heads of the men. His place in the line of march was in the centre of the regiment by the side of the flag. He and his perch made quite a heavy load for the man who carried him.

On the 12th of October, 1861, the Eagle Regiment left Camp Randall for service in the south. Old Abe was a great curiosity at every stopping place. When the regiment marched through the streets of Chicago, from one railway station to another, the one eagle attracted more attention than the thousand Badgers. All the newspapers of next day had something to say about the Wisconsin eagle that was going to war.

When the Eighth got to St. Louis some of the southern folks there tried to make fun of Old Abe by calling him "crow," "goose" and "turkey buzzard." He seemed not to like either the names or the crowd. He stooped, spread his wings, made a spring and broke the cord that held him, flew over the heads of his tormenters, flapped off several caps with his wings and then, flying to the top of the chimney of an aristocratic mansion, looked

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down with a seeming contempt upon the people below him. He seemed to say, "You see I am neither crow, goose nor buzzard, but the American liberty bird!" This sudden dash for freedom created no small stir among the soldiers, especially those of Company C. They were afraid he was too much of a liberty bird to stay with them. But after half an hour of sight-seeing from his high perch he flew down to the ground and was easily caught by one of the men.

A gentleman in St. Louis offered $500 for Old Abe, but Captain Perkins gave him his usual answer, "No money can buy him!" Sometime after this a man offered a valuable farm for him, but he, too, got the same answer. He was, you see, all the time rising in value. If Mrs. McCann up on the Chippewa river could only have known what a prize she got from Chief Sky for that bushel of corn!

From St. Louis the Eagle Regiment marched away to do nearly four years of hard service for the Union. It was during the war in 38 battles and skirmishes, and Old Abe was in all but two of them. Wherever the men went he went. He was their daily companion in the camp, on the march and in the battle. He came to know personally, not only every man of his own company, but nearly every one of the regiment. He knew well his own regiment from all others, and the flag of his regiment. He came to be strongly attached to the men and they were not only proud of him but loved him. When they were not on duty they spent hour after hour in camp teaching him this trick or that until he came to be a pretty well educated bird. I am told that for some men he had a strong natural liking, while he would have little to do with certain others. I guess that most animals have a fairly sure way of their own of studying human nature. Now and then a man—having a very poor notion of real good fun—would torment Old Abe till he was angry. He would not forget such treatment, and sometimes when he could get at a fellow with so mean a spirit he would pay him off with interest. His hooked beak and sharp claws more than once taught such a man to respect him. Nearly every man in the regiment would divide his rations with Abe. There were times when he as well as the men had to go hungry. Whenever they went foraging for provisions they took great pains to find a

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bit of fresh meat of some kind for him, as he could not very well make a meal on hard tack, bacon and coffee.

There was another pet in the Eagle Regiment, a dog, Frank, by name, that had joined the Eighth at Madison. Old Abe took a liking to Frank—and for a very good reason. Frank was a good hunter. He spent a part of his spare time scurrying through any bit of woods there might be near camp, and he once in a while brought in a squirrel or a rabbit. This game generally went to Old Abe. Whenever he heard Frank barking in the woods he showed a lively interest in every sound coming from that direction, and was delighted when the hunt had been successful.

Old Abe had during the war six different keepers. However he might regard other men he was always on good terms with the man who cared for him. Men who served in the regiment tell me that he had a particular liking for Ed. Homaston, his bearer from October, 1862, to September, 1863. Ed had been reared in the mountains of Vermont, and, as a boy, had studied eagles as he saw them wild and free. Ed and Abe were like brothers and understood each other well. J. M. Williams, a soldier of the Eighth, now of Belleville, Dane county, wrote an interesting history of his regiment. On page 52 he tells us this:

"Mr. Homaston translates the eagle's idiom into English. He found Old Abe to vary his voice according to his emotions. When surprised, he whistled a wild melody toned to a melancholy softness; when hovering over his food he gave a spiteful chuckle; when pleased to see an old friend he said, with a plaintive cooing, 'How do you do?' In battle his scream was wild and commanding—five or six notes in succession—with a most startling trill that was perfectly inspiring to the soldiers."

Old Abe's daily degree of freedom in camp was as much as he could get out of 30 feet of stout cord. One end of this cord was tied to a leather ring around his leg, the other fastened to his perch. While on the march or in battle he was allowed only about three feet of this cord. He sometimes longed for more freedom and, having a spite against the cord that held him, would keep biting it with his strong hooked beak till it was nearly cut in two. Then, with a sudden spring, he would break loose. Mr. Williams, whom I have mentioned above, has just been telling me that once he

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broke away just as the regiment was starting on a march. He flew away up into the air, around and around. Everybody was excited. Many men left the ranks, running here and there where they thought he would alight, so as to catch him. Some of them went into the woods a mile or two away thinking he might come down among the trees. Ed Homaston, his keeper, persuaded the rest of the men to keep cool and let him manage the capture. He had the regimental colors put in a place where Old Abe could see them, and then got down beside them with his perch. Having enjoyed an hour of good exercise the runaway—or flyaway, perhaps I should say,—quietly settled to the ground beside the flag. After a bit of gentle coaxing he hopped up to his perch and was ready for the march to Memphis.

Mr. Williams tells me that during the summer of 1862 the eagle needed no rope to keep him from flying away, as someone secretly clipped his tail feathers and those of one wing. The men were highly indignant because of this dastardly trick. If they could have found out who did it they'd have made life a burden to him until Old Abe's feathers grew to full length again. The glory of the eagle is to fly higher and more boldly into the free air of heaven than any other bird. This is, I suspect, why he is called the "liberty bird." I do not wonder that every true soldier in the Eagle Regiment was indignant because the bird of which they were so proud had been thus shorn of his glory. Spirit, energy, love of freedom, are all of too great value to destroy in either boy or bird of freedom just because he will be less troublesome without it.

In some of the published stories about Old Abe he is said to have had his freedom in certain battles and would fly above the clouds of smoke, screaming as if to urge the men below him to greater deeds of daring. This sounds well, and is the very part of the story school boys like best and will longest remember. Captain Dawes, who commanded a company in the Eighth, once wrote a story of Old Abe in which he said that in the battle of Corinth a bullet cut the cord that held him; that he flew high over the battle and the men thought he would not come back; that before long he came swooping down to his perch again. Captain Dawes said he himself saw all this. But I have heard other members of the

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regiment say that he never flew any higher in battle than the length of his cord, and that he was then quickly drawn down to his place. In some ways this is like a few other war stories I have heard. The man who is fighting hard in battle, with his face to the front, can give but little attention to what others are doing. He has all he can attend to right where he is himself. This is why truthful men differ so much in their stories of battle scenes.

But Old Abe was carried right into the thick of many heavy battles. He seemed to know as well as the men the danger he was in. He often trembled, looking anxiously this way and that as the battle raged back and forth. But when the combat thickened he, like the men, seemed to forget the danger. As the bullets flew thick and fast and shells burst all about him he would scream terrifically. He would then stand without flinching by a cannon as it was being fired, and he seemed to delight in the rattle of musketry. Newspaper men wrote many things in those days about Old Abe's conduct in battle. It was something everybody liked to read. Colonel Jefferson, who commanded the Eighth in the battle of Corinth said, "In battle he was almost constantly flapping his wings, having his mouth wide open, and many a time he would scream with wild enthusiasm."

Though the Confederates showed much contempt for Old Abe by calling Yankee Buzzard and other such names, they were particularly anxious to capture him. They would much rather have got him than the whole regiment without him. Their officers gave them orders to kill the buzzard or catch him. They knew well enough that the Eighth would fight harder with the eagle than without him. The Confederate General Price told his men he would rather capture the eagle than a whole brigade of men or a dozen battle-flags. But the men of the gallant Eighth were just as determined that the enemy should not get Old Abe. Though they would have fought to the death for their colors, I think they would have fought just as valiantly for their eagle. He meant just as much to them as their flag—perhaps more.

Though I have read and heard many interesting stories about Old Abe in camp and battle I can hardly use space for more of them here. I saw him myself but once during the war. One day in December, 1862, my regiment, the 12th Wisconsin, was march-

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ing toward the firing line in a skirmish near Waterford, Mississippi. The Eighth was drawn up in line by the side of the road. Our boys said, "This is the 8th Wisconsin, and now we shall have a chance to see the eagle." As we drew near their colors sure enough, there was Old Abe on his perch! When our own flag came in front of him he arose to his full height, spread his broad wings, flapped them three or four times, and then, quietly folding them, watched us march by. It was as beautiful and graceful a salute to Old Glory as any school girl in Wisconsin can give. It is a real pleasure to me now to have seen Old Abe give that salute to our flag down in Mississippi forty-one years ago this month of December. Both the eagle and the flag are today cherished relics here in the Capitol.

In the early part of January, 1864, many of the men of the gallant Eighth re-enlisted for another three years of service. Old Abe re-enlisted, too. The government gave everyone who thus pledged continued service a furlough of thirty days that he might go and visit his home friends. You may think Old Abe had no home friends to visit, but all the same the men took him with them to Eau Claire. Everybody was his friend there and all along the route he traveled. He had come to be a veteran and people everywhere gave him as much attention as if he had been a general.

While these veterans were at home on furlough the regiment at the front was in two battles. And this is how Old Abe came to miss two of the 38 battles in which his regiment took part.

In battle the color bearers of a regiment are in greater danger than other men. The enemy is apt to direct his fire upon the flags in front of him, and so the men carrying the flags are much more likely to be hit than their comrades. The sharpest fighting takes place around the battle-flags, for it is a great thing to capture one of them. And most color bearers will die sooner than give up their banners. Old Abe was carried in battle by the side of his regimental flag. He knew nothing else so well as the stars and stripes. They waved over his head on the march and in the smoke of battle. Though the Confederates would have dared almost anything to capture them they would have dared yet more to capture him. Though they sent shot and shell into the flag until it was torn and battle scarred, and their sharpshooters took special aim

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at those who bore it, they tried still harder to hit Old Abe and kill the brave fellows who bore him aloft by the side of Old Glory. But, for all this, but one of the six men who carried Old Abe at different times during the war was even wounded. One of them died of disease, but I am told by Thomas J. Hill, one of Old Abe's bearers, that the other five are all still living. Two or three times bullets cut Old Abe's feathers. One of them just drew the blood, from one of his wings. He was not a little annoyed by this slight wound, and he fretted and scolded about it in his own language. It seems to me that the God of freedom must have watched with peculiar care over this liberty bird and his gallant bearers.

Well, in three years the term of service of the most of the men of the eighth came to a close, and it was thought best to send Old Abe home with them. Then the question arose: What shall be Old Abe's home after this?" Some of the men were in favor of giving him to Eau Claire county; others suggested that he be sent to be cared for by the general government at Washington; and still others wished to present him to the state of Wisconsin. A vote was taken and it was unanimously decided that Old Abe should be given into the care of the state. And so at three o'clock on the 26th day of September, 1864, Captain Victor Wolf, of Company C of the Eighth, formally presented to the state of Wisconsin the famous war eagle Old Abe. Captain Wolf, said he had been a good soldier, and had never flinched from duty either in the camp or the battle; that Company C had always taken good care of him, and that he hoped the state would do as well by him. Governor Lewis, in behalf of the state, received Old Abe and assured Captain Wolf that the state would ever be proud of its soldier bird and give him the best of care.

A large room in the basement of the Capitol was fitted for Old Abe's use and a man was appointed to take care of him. Everything was done for his comfort. A pole was fastened to two posts in the park and on pleasant days he was kept there in the open air. There he was visited by thousands of people from all parts of the country. Everybody seemed to know about him. Stories and verses were written about him. Some of these were put into the school readers of those days, and so the boys and girls everywhere came to know the story of Old Abe, the soldier-bird.

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During the years following Old Abe was carried to many great patriotic gatherings in the United States. No other attraction could draw so big a crowd as he. Men, women and children would gather about him, ask questions about him, gaze upon him, talk about him, admire him, and I think the most of them came almost to love him. If he was a famous bird in the war he came to be doubly so in time of peace. He attended celebrations, conventions, fairs, monument dedications and reunions in Chicago, Milwaukee, Peoria, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Boston and other places. He was at the centennial in Philadelphia, and at a great fair in Boston nearly three months. I am told that in some cases five dollars were paid for single feathers that had dropped from his plumage. One of his keepers said that many a time he could have got ten dollars for every feather he would pluck from him. But Old Abe's feathers were his very own and not for sale even at that price. Once a wealthy man offered $10,000 for the whole bird, feathers and all; and P. T. Barnum, the great showman, even went so far as to try to buy him for $20,000. But Old Abe had got away above the price of gold. I can not help wondering again what good Mrs. McCann up in her cabin by the side of the Chippewa river thought when she heard how her bird had risen in value,—a bushel of corn, two and one half dollars, two hundred dollars, five hundred dollars, a valuable farm, $10,000, $20,000!

I have heard many persons tell stories about Old Abe's life in and about the Capitol. I will write down two of them. The first was told to me by an old lady now living in Madison.

"One day about five years after the war I was standing on the street corner over there when I heard a man say to three or four companions he had with him, 'Say, boys, let's go over to the Capitol and see Old Abe. I was in the army with him and I haven't seen him since the war. Come on, boys!'

"Now, I just thought I would like to see this man meet his old friend the eagle, and so I walked quickly around another way to where he sat on his perch near the building. As the men came along they got sight of him before he saw them. The old soldier gave a peculiar whistle. Quick as a flash Old Abe straightened himself up and listened intently. He had evidently heard a familiar sound. The man gave the whistle again. Old Abe became

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excited. He looked all about to see whence that well known whistle came. His eye was bright, his head erect and he seemed all expectation. Just then the men walked up before him. He recognized at once the man who had been in the war with him and showed his delight in many ways. The old soldier was delighted. too, to find that his feathered comrade had not forgotten him. When he went up close Old Abe put his head in a loving way beside his face and seemed as pleased as a young kitten to be fondled and petted. This token of affection touched the old soldier's heart. He put his arms around Old Abe and the tears ran down his cheeks. 'Boys,' said he, 'I would not have missed this for a hundred dollars!' "

The other story was told me by an old veteran of the Eighth. "Old Abe," said he, "was a bird of no little dignity of character. He did not like to be trifled with. If a person fooled with him beyond a certain point there was sure to be trouble. One day, while he was yet alive at the Capitol, I was in Madison and, as usual, went over to call on him. He was standing on a pole just outside here. John and Mary, a young couple from the country, had come in that day with an excursion. They had got a bag of peanuts and a bit of gum and were having a great time. They came along the walk near Old Abe and stopped to look at him. He didn't pay much attention to them till Mary took one end of her scarf and began to strike at his beak. Abe stepped quietly along on his pole to get out of her reach, but I saw by his eye that he was annoyed. The young miss followed him up, still flirting her scarf in his eyes. Abe kept backing up, but began uttering sharp, spiteful little notes of warning. This pleased Miss Mary, so she giggled and kept up her flirting.

"I saw that trouble was brewing, and said to her, 'Please pardon me, Miss, but I do not think you'd better trifle with Old Abe much more; he may make trouble for you. I was in the army with him three years, and I know something of his temper. I think you have gone about far enough.' To this John replied. 'Never mind us, Uncle, we know enough to take care of ourselves. We wasn't born yesterday.' And then Mary gave another little flirt with the end of her scarf. Quicker than a wink Old Abe had his sharp claws deep in her arm just above her wrist. Then Mary showed

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the folks how loud she could scream. She sounded like Old Abe in battle. The angry bird was just about to sieze her with his long hooked beak when I caught him by his neck. He was in a terrible passion. He and Mary and I had a time of it. After some scolding, much coaxing and a bit of choking, I got his claws out of her arm. It was a fearful wound and I felt rather sorry for the smart young miss as she and John went off looking for a doctor. I'll bet she remembers Old Abe to this day."

Though I do not at all like to do so I must now tell of the death of Old Abe. One cold day in the winter of 1881 a lot of paints and oils in a room near his room got afire,—no one knows how. Dense clouds of smoke and bad-smelling gases filled the corridors and cage room. Abe, in a suffocating condition, gave forth a fearful scream—louder than Mary's, I guess. The people overhead heard the noise and ran below to see what could be the matter. The door of his room was opened and he flew screaming along the passageways. He was not only frightened, but injured by the smoke. He was never well after that. All the *eagle* had gone out of him. On the 26th of March, 1881, with a few of his old friends about him, he died in the arms of George Gillies, his keeper. Those who saw him feebly flap his once strong wings as he breathed his last felt very sad; and I suspect that some tears of manly grief stole down their faces; for a brave spirit had taken its departure.

General George E. Bryant, at that time Quartermaster General of the state, was one of those who saw Old Abe die. He tells me that after he was dead a number of old soldiers gathered in the office of Governor Smith and discussed the question as to what should be done with the body. Some thought he deserved a funeral and his burial place should be in the beautiful Forest Hill cemetery near Madison, the quiet resting place of many of Wisconsin's best soldiers. Major Mayers, who had been an officer in the Eleventh Wisconsin, said that he could mount the bird so that for many years he could be kept in honored remembrance of his service. The most of the men were pleased with Major Mayers' plan, and so Governor Smith directed him to take charge of the body. He soon mounted the bird so that he looked very much as when he was alive. General Bryant had a nice glass case made

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for him and he stands on a perch in that same case today. This perch is made like the one on which he was carried in the army, and so those who see him now get a very good idea of his appearance in war times. The picture on the cover of this book shows him just as he is today.

Since Old Abe's death his glass house has stood in various places,—in the rotunda of the Capitol, in the state historical rooms of the Capitol and in the new state historical library building. In April, 1903, he was placed in the new G. A. R. Memorial Hall in the Capitol. Though dead, he has been carried in many processions. Wherever his mounted figure has been kept or carried he has attracted as much attention as when alive. In fact, interest in him seems all the time to be growing stronger. Every year thousands of people come to see him and stand by him and look upon him and think of his story. I suspect, too, that some of them think beyond the story. A man said to me this very day, after he had stood for a long time looking at Old Abe, "If I were ever led to fight against my country the sight of that bird would make me throw down my weapons and give up the battle!" "And why?" said I. "Because," he answered, "the eagle is the emblem of my country's freedom and I could not fight against him and all he stands for!" I have heard more than one say something like this. The old survivors of the Eagle Regiment say they fought the harder for the flag when Old Abe was in sight.

It matters little where Old Abe's visitors come from they all know about his story. One day not long ago a small boy stood before him in big-eyed observation. I asked him if he had ever before heard of Old Abe. "Oh, yes," said he, "I have heard ever so much about him." Then I asked how he had come to hear so much. "Well," he replied, "I have read in books about him and have heard folks talk about him a good many times." I asked him where he lived, and he told me his home was in Phoenix, Arizona. The little fellow looked Old Abe over with careful interest. I'll warrant that before this time he has told his mates and his teacher away off in Arizona just how the historic old bird looks, having seen him with his own eyes.

One day last spring a fine, manly looking man came here to see Old Abe. Though so manly in appearance he seemed to have all the

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freshness about him of a good, wholesome boy. As he fixed his eye glasses on the bridge of his nose and looked about he quickly asked, "Say, is that Old Abe, the Wisconsin War Eagle?" Upon being told that this was the very bird, he replied with genuine boyish delight, "By George! I'm glad to see him! I read about him in my reader when I was a boy at school!" As he said this he bounded like an athlete over to Old Abe's glass house and took just such a look at him as did the boy from Arizona. This gentleman left on our register the name, "Theodore Roosevelt, Oyster Bay, New York." The little boy from Arizona and the President of the United States had both read in their school books about Old Abe, and both came with a lively, wholesome interest to see him. And so with thousands of others. Just now as I write a father is standing with his little son in front of the glass case.

I hope that all who read this story about Old Abe, the war eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin, may some day have the privilege of coming here to see him. H. W. ROOD.

Madison, Wis., Jan. 20, 1903.

Postscript.—I am very sorry to say that when our state capitol was burned on the morning of February 27, Old Abe, the War Eagle, with everything else in the G. A. R. Memorial Hall, was destroyed by fire. It seems a very great loss, indeed; but we still have his story and all the traditions concerning his connection with the war for saving our country and our flag.

While the great building was on fire, the most frequent inquiry among the thousands standing about and looking sadly on was this: "Has Old Abe been saved?" Hundreds of people said, "I'd rather have had Old Abe saved than anything else in the building. Money will buy most everything, but can never bring the old bird back to us." Especially were the boys and girls anxious about his fate. But he is gone.

The old battle-flags that have been kept so long as cherished relics of the war were saved. Let us all rejoice in this fact.

H. W. R.

March 7, 1904.

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A Memorial Day Poem.

The following verses were printed nearly twenty years ago in the Sunday Telegraph, of Milwaukee. They are reprinted here at the request of several old graybeards who very naturally take a liking to them. The battle of Prairie Grove was fought December 7, 1863.

WHO THINKS OF YOU?

They are gathering garlands and wreaths today
To deck the mounds o'er the slumbering dead;
And the hands of children these gifts will lay
Tenderly down to the words that are said,—
Words that tell of the men that marched
When roused by the bugle's blast, "To arms!"
When war's red cloud our heavens arched,
With the spring air pregnant with death's alarms.
Wreaths and garlands today they strew—
But, Tommie, old fellow, who thinks of you?
On the edge of the meadow at Prairie Grove,
Tucked in your blanket, we lowered you down.
The wreaths the chill blast of December wove
Were crisp, dead leaves from Old Winter's gown.
How they danced and frisked on your rustic bed,
As it gathered to shelter your place of rest!
Guarding your bunk from the rebel's tread
Whose heel might traverse your wounded breast.
We gave you a grave, but left never a clue,
My old, dead comrade, to remind us of you.
Who thinks of you now as I'm thinking today,
Rememb'ring as on to the front we sped?
Who thought at that time of a thirtieth of May,
Or garlands and flowers for the boys when dead?
With a whoop! we charged—our blades swung high,—
With a groan you reeled from your charger's back;
You dropped on that wintery field to die,
While we held close to the rebel's track.
The field was ours—we won, 'tis true,
But Death stood solemn 'twixt me and you.
We gave you a drink from the old canteen,
An armful of brush to bolster your head;
And when the surgeon your wound had seen—
I cannot remember just all that he said—
But your eyes fixed firm, your breath came short,
You grasped my hand—it was cold I know—
And we knew you were in for your last report,
And would never again face our wily foe.
Silent and cold was that heart so true,—
My old, dead comrade, who thinks of you?
I think of you often, again and again,
When my mind turns back to the years long gone;
I see the spot where we buried you, slain,
A grave without mound, without wreath, unknown.
So my heart weaves a wreath out of memory's thread—
I'll waft it to you with my love and my lay.
It is merely a line, but it shall not be said
That my thoughts passed you by on Memorial Day.
Memorial Day! Old boy, if you knew
How often today I've been thinking of you.

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The Tomah Boys' and Girls' Memorial Day Brigade.

(Written especially for the MEMORIAL DAY ANNUAL.)

When, on next Memorial Day, a few old war veterans go out to the cemetery to decorate the graves of their dead comrades it will be noticed that the procession is shorter than ever before, and that there are more graves to decorate. Then, in the minds of thoughtful people the question will arise, "Who will carry the flowers when the last old soldier is gone?"

Especially do the veterans themselves ask this question, for they think more of Memorial Day than any other in the year, not only because of the honor done those who died fighting for the flag, but for the lessons taught by a reverent observance of the day. Yet every truly loyal man and woman must be deeply interested in this matter, for the lessons of the day are beautifully impressive, especially upon the minds of the young.

In communities where teachers lead the school children in the proper observance of Memorial Day, the question is partially answered, for, if any one is to continue the custom, it must be the children. But both army veterans and teachers are asking if there may not, before all the old soldiers have passed away, be an organization of some kind formed through which young people in school may in some regular order conduct the exercises of Memorial Day. At Tomah, this state, a plan of observance of the day has already been formed, and it is the purpose of this article to tell about it.

Through the influence of H. C. Spaulding and other Grand Army men of that place there has been organized what is known as the

BOYS' AND GIRLS' MEMORIAL DAY BRIGADE OF TOMAH, WISCONSIN.

The following is an abstract of the constitution adopted:

Object: The object of this association shall be to assist the veterans in their decoration of soldiers' graves, and to perpetuate the proper observance of Memorial Day in the years when the veterans shall have passed away.

Membership: Any boy or girl of the city of Tomah may be-

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come a member of this Brigade by signing its constitution and by-laws and taking the affirmation hereinafter set forth. Any adult may become an honorary member of the association by the payment of fifty cents to the treasurer, but he shall have no vote in the election of officers.

Affirmation: I do solemnly affirm that I will support the constitution of the United States and of the state of Wisconsin; that I will obey all orders of my superior officers, and will use my best endeavors properly to carry out the object of this association.

Officers: The officers of the Brigade shall be a Commander, Vice Commander, Adjutant, Quartermaster and Chaplain.

Duties of Officers: The Commander shall preside at all meetings of the Brigade, issue all orders, commissions and commands, and have a general supervision of its affairs.

In case of the death or temporary absence of the Commander, his duties shall devolve upon the Vice Commander.

The Adjutant shall keep a correct roll of the members, a written record of all meetings of the Brigade, countersign all orders of the Quartermaster and perform such other duties as the Commander may require.

The Quartermaster shall have charge of all property and money belonging to the Brigade. He shall keep a correct account of all money received and paid out by him and report concerning the same at the next regular annual meeting. He shall pay out no money except on written order of the Commander, countersigned by the Adjutant.

Meetings: The annual meeting of the Brigade shall be held at ten o'clock on the forenoon of the first Saturday in May at such place as the Commander shall direct. Special meetings for public occasions may be called by the Commander.

Divisions: The Brigade shall be divided into companies of not more than 75 each.

Company Officers: The officers of every Company shall be a Captain, First Lieutenant and Second Lieutenant, who shall be elected by the members of the Company. Three Sergeants and five Corporals shall be appointed by the Captain.

Term of Office: Every officer shall hold his position during

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good behavior. Officers may be removed by the Commander, but only for sufficient cause.

Colors and Badges: There shall be a Brigade Badge in white and yellow, the colors of the Tomah High School,—a pendant coat of arms of the state of Wisconsin with a pin crossed by flags. Every member must buy and own his or her badge; but adults, on becoming honorary members, will be furnished a badge. Badges shall be worn only on occasions when the Brigade shall have been called out by the Commander.

Committee: The Commander, Vice Commander and Quartermaster shall constitute an executive and auditing committee to have charge of the general affairs of the Brigade.

Every member of the brigade is given a neat certificate of membership, on which is inscribed the object of the association and the affirmation, signed by the person receiving it. The badge is a very pretty emblem, indeed.

It is said that the children of the community take a great pride in their brigade and its object. They are encouraged to manage its affairs themselves so far as practicable. Last year it had the following officers: Commander, H. C. Spaulding; Vice Commander, W. R. McCaul; Adjutant, Claude Wells; Quartermaster, E. M. Coles; Chaplain, Charles Butters.

The fathers and mothers of these young people, also, and the people as a whole take great interest in this association. More than one citizen of Tomah has borne testimony to its usefulness and good influence. The old soldiers of the place are particularly pleased with the brigade. It makes Memorial Day a great occasion there. The young folks are out early arranging their flowers, the details of their procession and their program, and everybody else who can goes with them to the cemetery. There they not only decorate the graves but hold their memorial exercises.

May not this plan, or some modification of it, be carried out in many other communities in Wisconsin? Our remaining Grand Army men and teachers with the right spirit in them can do much towards forwarding a movement of this kind, if they will. In such work they may exert an influence for good that will never be lost.

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One Flag.

There's a thrill and a throb in the air today,
  A throb and a thrill ever new;
For billows have broken o'er wall and town
  Of red and of white and of blue.

The blood runs swift and a shrill huzza
  Springs glad to the lips of youth,
While louder the silence speaks of those
  Who fought, dear God, for thy truth.

It floats up the aisles of the village church,
  It springs from the State House Dome;
It kisses the breeze wherever it please,
  Set firm in the heart of the home.

And all through the hours, the incense of flowers,
  Of prayers and of praise is swung
From a censer of gold, that the children hold,
  While the storied past is sung.

The censer is memory's storied urn
  That holdeth for love and rue,
The ashes of those whom each heart knows
  Fought for the gray or the blue.

Fewer each year as the end draws near,
  When none will be left, not one,
Who saw the sorrowful sights of war
  Or shared in the brave deeds done.

But unto the children we tell the tale;
  And once in each twelve-month long,
We honor the men who died for us
  When the goodly land went wrong.

—*Selected.*

A Child's Offering.

Here is a lily and here is a rose,
  And here is a heliotrope,
And here is the woodbine sweet that grows
  On the garden's sunny slope.

Here is a bit of mignonette,
  And here's a geranium red,
A pansy bloom, and a violet
  I found in a mossy bed.

These are the flowers I love the best
  And I've brought them all to lay
With loving hands where soldiers rest,
  On Decoration Day.

—*Susie M. Best.*

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Gettysburg Address.

In the realm of English literature it is hard to find an address or part of an address, that equals this one delivered by the martyred president at Gettysburg. We are often reminded of how the polished, rhetorical oration by Edward Everett, delivered on the same occasion, remains in the scholar's library covered with dust even though it is a great master-piece of American oratory, while this brief speech of the great Lincoln is familiar to the world. Every pupil in our schools should memorize this address.

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion,—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

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Cuba's Appeal to Columbia, 1898.

(Written by Mrs. George C. Ginty.)

Hark! I hear a wailing cry
In the night wind moaning by,
'Tis a wail of human pain
Agonizing minor strain
Borne across the surging main!
Help! Help! Columbia!

Land where many bound as one
Bask in Freedom's glorious sun,
Help us in our dire distress,
Lonely isle of wretchedness,
Struck by hands that should caress!
Help! Help! Columbia!

By thy flag whose starry field,
Bids all dark oppression yield,
By its stripes of red and white
Send to us some gleam of light,
Lift the horror from our night!
Help! Help! Columbia!

Bleeding hands we raise to thee
Great Republic! Liberty!
Rise Columbia! right the wrong!
Give new notes to Freedom's song
God will make the effort strong!
Help! Help! Columbia!

Three Veterans.

I saw them pass in the ranks today,
Grandsire, father, and stalwart son;
Each was a veteran, tried and true,
Had marched in the ranks and borne a gun.

One fought with Scott in Mexico,
Then followed Grant, his son at his side;
The wine of battle was in their blood—
They must follow the Flag, whate'er betide.

The younger—he has tales to tell
Of war afar on Cuban soil,
Of the deadly trench and the thrilling charge,
And the conqueror's joy in battle toil.

We may leave our country to our sons—
They follow, as we did, their sires;
No coward strain the red blood knows,
Once warmed in Freedom's battle-fires.

—*Ninette M. Lowater.*

Rock Elm, Wis.

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A Rural Wisconsin Neighborhood, in the 60's.

(Written especially for the MEMORIAL DAY ANNUAL.)

If the record of mankind is but a rythmic rising and falling of successive civilizations, if eternal vigilance is still the price of liberty, if the dark night of civil war began with the cloud that came upon our national escutcheon in its making, then should we ever pray—

"Lord God of hosts be with us yet
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!"

The following sketch is actual history and my only excuse for giving real names is that no representative of this neighborhood can ever have a wish to deny his part in its patriotic record.

Once upon a time in Waushara county, Wisconsin, some ten miles north from the city of Berlin, there existed a neighborhood known as the Cady School District.

Let me see—that was about forty-three years ago, when the cheery pioneer farms were little more than stumpy clearings, surrounded by grand old maple forests. Excepting the little white schoolhouse, there was but one framed building in all the district; the others some fifteen in number, were built of logs, and contained but one living room and perhaps two or three bedrooms and a garret or loft over head.

Names are always significant and in that early day at town meeting a vigorous "Here!" might have been heard in answer to the following roll-call: Wolf, Coy, Graves, Shepard, Eastman, Smith, Maitland, Evans, Hollowell, Fuller, Cady and a few others. They were intelligent, reading people and therefore ambitious and intensely patriotic. Only one household contained less than four children and some were happy with seven; thus it was that about the well kept district school clustered the dearest interests of the entire community. Here in the long winter evenings the men and a few women would meet in debating societies and spelling schools, and every question discussed was treated with as much earnestness as if the nation's fate depended upon a correct decision.

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And what nation, what state, what school is not dependent upon the earnestness of its members?

One of my earliest recollections is of going to that district debating school in that back-woods community and listening to old men arguing the pros and cons of the slavery question, their faces pale and their voices trembling with the passions which the topic aroused.

The winter term of school was attended by young men and women as well as by the children. The older ones sat on the back seats and ciphered through Ray's Practical Arithmetic and parsed from Pinneo's grammar.

Every pupil partook of the enthusiastic partriotism of the parents and when the great Civil War broke out, among the first to enlist were four of the largest boys in school, three of whom were brothers, William, Alexander and Ralph. The first letters of their names spell WAR.

These boys had marched away with stout hearts, very proud of their uniforms of blue and waving flags, but prouder still and braver were the noblest of mothers and blue eyed sister who kissed them goodby and then went back to the little home to watch and wait and pray during the four long weary years.

We children saw only glory in the marching and music, but the next day when, after the school had called and all was still, that sister put her head down on the hard rough desk and began to cry, we partially realized how terrible it all was.

But as the weeks and months went by, others from our little community that had seemed almost like one happy home circle, joined the ranks of the northern army and went south to fight the battles for union and freedom. All our school songs now were of war and patriotism, even our games were changed to playing soldier and drilling with wooden guns and paper soldier caps. War meetings took the place of debating societies and spelling schools, and as the war clouds grew darker men and women went about with sober faces and anxious hearts, impossible for children now to realize.

One of the young men, a brother of the three who had gone to the front, was lame and could not be a soldier, but he was patriotic so he sawed off the end of a hollow log, trimmed it down thin,

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stretched a calf skin over each end and then we had a bass drum. We had no fife nor snare drum but this rude affair gave sufficient voice to our enthusiasm. The women had made a flag and the men and boys raised a tall liberty pole near the little school house where the Fourth was celebrated by loyal hearts.

One of the first war meetings I remember attending was at Pine River some six miles farther north. Picture to yourself a lumber wagon with boards laid across the box, and men and boys crowded thereon. The team was one of the three horse teams in the district.

One man carried the flag which was mounted on a pole about fifteen feet long, and then the big home made drum was presided over by its maker and inventor with all the pride and vigor of successful, patriotic Young America!

Ah, my lads, when that old basswood drum boomed out upon the night air its war cry of defiance and freedom, every lone log cabin we passed creaked its wooden hinges and the sturdy pioneers came out and cheered to the echo for Lincoln, the old flag and the Union.

But when we drove into the little town where had gathered many other loyal citizens, our colors flying, the crowds cheering, that solemn boom of our big drum was like the great heart of every such gathering in rural Wisconsin: it beat as one for the Union cause.

No special orator or great man was there to awe his country hearers into silence, but every man had a mission and a message that helped to swell the general enthusiasm. Our flag bearer spoke of a rumor that near Waupaca a rebel flag had been unfurled, and in a fiery speech denounced "copperheads" in general. Strangers were present but no one dreamed that southern sympathizers were in our very midst, yet after the meeting, while the people were saying a last word before going to their homes, a wild cry rang out in the darkness and two men in a buggy, drove rapidly through the crowd, up to our flag bearer and struck him a savage blow with a horse whip.

Astonished and maddened by the attack, he used the only weapon at hand, the long heavy flag pole. Down it came upon the retreating men, almost knocking one of them out of the buggy,

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but the revenge was only partial for the fellows drove off into the darkness and out of the clutches of the indignant crowd. Some were for chasing the rascals and one man declared that if a northern man had done such a thing at the south he would have been shot down in his tracks; but not a pistol nor gun could be found in all this northern gathering. The identity of those two men so far as I know is still a mystery.

We were present also at a much more notable event, the capture of Sherman M. Booth, at Berlin in 1860.

Mr. Booth had been editor of the *Free Democrat* of Milwaukee and being a radical abolitionist, was arrested for assisting the slave, Joshua Clover, to freedom, and was imprisoned in the old custom house in Milwaukee. But by means of a shrewd plan his friends occupied the attention of the jailers and Mr. Booth made his escape. Mr. T. B. Coon, now cashier of the Kilbourn state bank and secretary of the school board, had been an employee on Booth's paper and was one of the men who met him on the street after the escape.

So intense was Wisconsin's hatred of the Fugitive Slave Law, that Mr. Booth had little fear of local or even state authority, and though a fugitive from federal officers he boldly lectured in northern cities, stirring the people to the highest pitch of partisanship. Being announced to speak in Berlin, crowds gathered from the county around to hear and cheer the liberator. I well remember the speaker, great physically, commanding in voice and manner, with eloquence born of a grand conviction of the righteousness of his cause!

But alas! In going from the meeting, though hundreds would have risked their lives for the hero, Deputy U. S. Marshal C. R. Taylor, and E. M. Randall of Winnebago county, suddenly rushed out of the darkness, dragged Booth from the confused crowd into a waiting carriage, and, boarding a special train took him back to prison in Milwaukee.

Oh, the humiliation, the "curses loud and deep" of that community! Indignation meetings were held condemning all who had assisted the officers, and even to this day regret lurks in more than one old patriot's heart that Sherman M. Booth should ever have been taken while with his friends in Berlin.

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Life during those years was little more than waiting for news of battles,—defeats or victories. Regularly once a week there came to us Horace Greeley's paper, The New York Tribune, and in the evening after the farm chores were done, the candles were lit, neighbors came in and my father read aloud the long columns of war news.

Every paper for months contained pathetic lists of the dead, wounded and missing. Can you wonder, since nearly every household had some loved one in the army, that those lists were scanned through tears, while the cheeks paled and the paper was turned with trembling hands? That awful suspense never lifted its dread weight from the hearts of those who watched and waited at home. They suffered more because they could not know how soon the fickle fortunes of war might count their own boys among the lists of the dead. And when that mother saw William's name in that awful column recording those killed in battle, I do not remember any sudden change to tears and mourning. The dread reality had beeen too near and had been suffered too long to be moistened with tears. But the unshaken faith that some day would come a glorious victory for freedom and right, slowly deepened into a determined purpose as invincible as the God to whom she prayed.

Once one of the boys came home on a furlough, promoted for bravery in capturing the flag after it had been taken by the enemy. If the old files of the Berlin *Courant* are in existence, one may still read therein a glowing account of that proud event. That soldier is now a lawyer and assistant adjutant general in one of our western states, and when, two years ago, business brought him to Wisconsin, he made a special trip to Madison to look once more upon the old flag which he as color bearer carried safely through many a bloody field.

All ages have honored their heroes, but no honors could be more sincere than those paid to their own soldier boys by the rural school districts of Wisconsin. How old and young listened to the tales of hardship in camp and march and battle! How we gathered in evening parties to hear and treasure up the latest war songs! How the girls vied to win the soldiers' smiles and forgot the boys who did not wear the blue!

But honored peace came at last. The soldiers came home and

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took up the neglected farm tools and daily rural duties, and today fine farm houses have replaced the little log cabins, the forests have been cleared away and where the little white schoolhouse stood is a two-story building in which children of four different nationalities recite after modern methods.

And yet as I sit here looking at memory's picture of one of those little homes in that simple happy existence, my foolish heart can not help longing for the earnestness, simplicity and close friendships that made us neighbors in that long time ago.

CHESTER W. SMITH.

Kilbourn, Wis.

Daniel, My Chum.

I once had a playmate,
  Brave-hearted and true,—
Playmate and schoolmate,
  And seatmate, too.

We romped o'er the meadows
  And fished from the brook;
We studied our lessons
  From the same school book.

We grew to big-boyhood
  And did more than play,
We chopped, plowed, and planted,
  And helped to make hay.

One bright April morning,
  Eighteen sixty-one,
Brought this message from Sumter:
  "Our flag fired upon!"

Then all through our country
  The call swiftly flew
From President Lincoln
  For men good and true.

Men and boys quickly answered
  From near and from far,—
And Daniel and I
  Marched away to the war.

We served there together
  For Freedom and Right,—
In camp and on picket—
  The march and the fight.

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My comrade was gen'rous,
  Big-hearted and free,—
He'd share his last hardtack
  And coffee with me.

We shared our home letters,
  And talked of home friends,
And planned what we'd do—
  "If this war ever ends!"

We thought of our dear ones
  At home far away,
And the joy of returning
  Some glad, happy day!

But one day in battle,
  A smile on his face,
My playmate and comrade
  Lay dead in his place.

We scooped him a grave there,
  Close by where he fell,
And there in the Southland
  My comrade rests well.

For reasons I know not,
  All through that long strife—
Its hardships and dangers—
  God spared me my life.

Now I gather sweet flowers
  On Memorial Day,
And think of my comrade
  Asleep far away.

I wish I might go there—
  I'd pick out the best
And scatter them over
  The place of his rest.

Yet it's all one to Daniel
  Whether there or here,
So I'll bring here my blossoms
  To memory dear.

And I hope the school children,
  When I cannot come,
Will still bring sweet flowers
  For Daniel, my chum.

—H. W. Rood.

Till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow—till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honor, which are inscribed upon the book of National Remembrance!

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

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A War Veteran Talks.

(Written for MEMORIAL DAY ANNUAL.)

Mr. R,

See here, John and Mary, you and Sue and Will and Bessie come over here and let me talk to you. Yes, tell all the rest to come, too, if they like. There, now, stand around my chair and listen.

I saw the most of you at the camp-fire last night. How you did laugh when Comrade Phil Cheek told some of his funny war stories. And then Sue and Bess both shed a few tears when David James told something of the story of his prison life—of his escape and recapture, and of his coming home so weak and worn out with disease and starvation that his mother did not know him. The rest of you looked pretty sober, too, and no wonder. And I thought, when ex-Governor Hoard talked about the meaning of our flag and the bravery of the men who fought for it in war times, that John and Will and Harry almost wished for another war that they might show to the world that the boys of these days are just as true and brave as those of '61. I am of opinion, too, that when Mrs. Smith told of the life, character and hospital service of our good Mrs. Governor Harvey, and other women like her, you girls almost wished that you, like them, might go to war and care for sick and wounded soldiers.

Well, I am sure that if by some misfortune our nation shall again find it necessary to go to war to fight for the right against the wrong every one of you will do what you can for the right side. Some will carry muskets and face the cannon's mouth, others will bind up wounds in the hospital. But, my dear boys and girls, though I am glad to feel that you are brave for the defense of our country and intensely loyal to our flag and all it stands for, I do hope, children, that you may never see anything like war in this fair land of ours. War is at best a terrible thing—you have no idea how terrible—and I do not wish you to know anything about it by experience.

While it does us old veterans good to get together now and then in such a camp-fire as we had last night, we do not at all wish to

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have you get from us a love for war. We do wish you to love your country as you love your homes, but we hope that as you grow into manhood and womanhood you will set a very high value on the blessings of peace. We hope that when our nation has hard questions to settle, whether at home or abroad, you and others like you will find some other way to do than fight over them. Don't fight unless it seems certain that great wrongs can be conquered and righted in no other way. Then fight for the right and fight hard.

When we boys went to war in '61 we verily thought the only way to save our country from disunion and make it in truth the land of the free and the home of the brave, was to obey President Lincoln's call for men to fight for the honor of our flag. Many of us were not much older than you, John and Harry. There are thousands of graves about the old battle fields of the South and along our lines of march where sixteen-year-old boys were wrapped in their blankets and laid away to rest, having given their lives for the many blessings of our free, united government of today. There may have been a better way of saving our Union and getting rid of the curse of slavery—a peaceful way. But if there was we did not find it. We did what our wisest men then thought best. We saved the Union and got rid of slavery, but at a fearful cost. May you never be called to do as we did!

I think, boys and girls, there is something better for you to do. There is just as great need for real patriotism in times of peace as in war. Our country's welfare depends always upon honest, intelligent, citizens, women as well as men; citizens who oppose all kinds of wrong doing, and who dare vote for things that are right and men that will do right. It takes bright, honest, industrious, intelligent boys and girls to become such citizens. The best thing you can do now is to fit yourselves for such citizenship. Be prompt at school and at work. Get every lesson well. Do your very best every day in study, in work, and in play. Do right because it is right, not because your teacher, father or mother is watching you. Have a high respect for law. Obedience to law is the safeguard of liberty. Don't even hunt or fish contrary to law. Be respectful to your parents, to every one who is your superior, and especially so to the aged. Cultivate the power of self-control.

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Keep free from the use of liquor and tobacco. Don't use language anywhere you would not use before your mothers.

I know, boys and girls, it takes courage to do all these things,—just as much courage—just as noble self-sacrifice—just as heroic devotion to right principles as our boys away back in war times needed to do manly battle for "Old Glory" where the shot and shell flew thick and fast; just as loyal devotion to duty as Mrs. Harvey and Mother Bickerdyke needed to face disease and death in the hospitals in order to soothe pain and comfort the dying. But be brave, heroic—John and Mary, Bess and Sue, Harry and Will—and all the rest. There is a call even in these days of peace to stand up for the right.

Though we old veterans do not wish you to go to battle, we do like to have you cherish the memory of those who did fight and die when our flag and our country was in danger. We who have these many years lovingly strewn over their green graves the fragrant flowers of May are one by one dropping out of the ranks. Nothing pleases us better than to have you boys and girls—our coming citizens—unite with us in the beautiful and touching ceremonies of Memorial Day. We hope you will keep up the custom long after we are all gone, and teach it to other children.

Roy's Decoration Day.

I brought blue violets from the dell
  For Grandpa's grave today,
For Grandma says he loved them well
  Before he marched away.

The other Grandpas all are old,
  With thin hair almost gray,
But he has curls that shine like gold,
  And blue eyes full of play.

Grandma showed me his picture, hung
  Upon a chain of gold;
How strange that he should be so young,
  And she should be so old.

—*Ninette M. Lowater.*

Rock Elm, Wis.

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"The Man Behind the Pipe."

(Written by Mrs. George C. Ginty.)

We hear of the nerve and brawn of "The Man Behind the Gun," and out of the belching flame and smoke we almost feel the throbbing of the brave heart who risks all for the cause he has espoused, trustingly we rest upon his valor, leaving the safety of the Republic in his hands.

A filmy wreath of blue smoke floats lazily out upon the air; at his ease sits "The Man Behind the Pipe." Nothing in his attitude or face, save the wrapt expression of a soldier in a "pipe dream," gives us a clew to his thoughts or self communion, but what a vast panorama those filmy wreaths of blue smoke contain for his mind's eye. They bring to "The Man Behind the Pipe" the tented field, the weary march, the lonely picket, the faces of "the boys," the glow of the camp fire, what there was of cheer in the voice of war, and above all the strong, close tie of comradeship, that sacred countersign in a mighty brotherhood of man, whose password is "Loyalty," Stronger than death, "Many Floods Cannot Drown It."

As he muses, the stormy past drifts up to the peaceful present. The "old boys" are with him, their faults are blotted out, their virtues emphasized. As comrades they "pass in review" through the rings of smoke, and nestle close to his heart. The smoke as it dies away takes on the form of "Old Glory." The blue smoke and white ashes mingle and the glow of the passing pipe paints the gleam of the stars. Softly, tenderly, as shadows fall upon the gray Old World to shut out its weariness, so fall these dream-folds of the old flag upon the soldier, and he sleeps.

A cordon of these men, behind the pipe, encircle the world; a network of them gird this great Republic. Their loyalty to the tie of comradeship is never questioned, and where manhood is loyal to manhood, rests the safety of this Republic. Once more the toast—"The Man Behind the Pipe!"

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The Woman's Relief Corps, From a Little Girl's Standpoint.

My papa is a G. A. R.,
  My ma a W. R. C.;
My brother is a "Son of V.,"
  I don't know what *I* be.

My mama says I am too old
  To go with her to Corps
Because I told all that I saw
  When I went there before.

I had to laugh to see them march;
  Some fat and some so thin;
Such funny raps and funny acts,
  When any one comes in.

The president said: "You must salute;"
  And O, how she did frown;
And three raps makes 'em all stand up,
  And one rap sets 'em down.

And Mrs. Gill she sat right still,
  A trying to embroider;
Another woman who stood up,
  Said she was out of order.

One woman tried to speak her piece,
  And O, how she did look,
When she forgot, and could not find
  Her spectacles or book.

One woman said: "Mrs. President,
  You talk so loud, I fear
The Janitor—who's just outside,
  Most every word may hear."

The president she made 'em laugh;
  "What he hears, Mrs. Barm,
If he forgets, as does this corps,
  It can't do any harm."

They had a woman there that day,
  A new one—Mrs. Thorps;
And when she read her part she called
  The Relief Corps a *corpse.*

I just told Dr. Grimes the truth;
  Just what they did that day;
And mama shook me just like this,
  And looked at me this way.

But I like them,—the W. R. C.
  Do lots of good, I know;
And I wish I was *old enough,*
  Or not *too old* to go.

Some time I'll be Grand Army folks;
  And then besides all these,
I'll make a new society,
  And run it as I please.

—From "In the Land of Fancy and other Poems," by LIBBIE C. BAER.

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The Spanish-American War.

(By Capt. C. J. Rollis, 34th Inf., U. S. V., Stoughton, Wis.)

In the war with Spain the United States came onto the stage in a new character and made more history in a few months than is generally accomplished in half a century. Our country had not been at war for a generation, and was unprepared for the conflict. Our army was stationed at different points, our navy was thought inferior to that of Spain, and many feared that other nations in Europe might join hands against us. But congress made an appropriation of fifty millions of dollars to help along the preparations for war, and when it came to Dewey's victory at Manila, Shafter, Sampson and Schley at Santiago, and with Miles at Porto Rico, the hearts of the American people were thrilled with pride. We have planted Old Glory in the far east, where it will bring enlightenment and hope to people of other tongues and customs. We occupy a higher plane among the nations of the earth. America can no longer live to herself alone, must henceforth be a world power or perish; but with patriotism taught in our homes and our public schools she may ever prove faithful to her trust. The young Americans of this century must teach the people of the islands of the sea, which thousands of boys in blue gave their lives to win, the true meaning of liberty and good government.

When two hundred and fifty-four young men were sent to the bottom of Havana harbor in the wreck of the battleship Maine, the Spanish–American war began and as a sequel thereto, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines became United States territory.

For three years prior to the destruction of the Maine, not another United States war ship had visited Havana, our government being desirous of giving no offense to that of Spain, which was attempting to subdue the Cuban insurrection.

Spain pursued a policy of cruelty; killed and starved the Cubans, and finally the people of the United States began to feel that Cuban wrongs were really a concern of ours, the victories of San Juan and Manila punctuating the story of our protest.

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Wet through and through by the rains, without food for days, nothing to cover them, white and colored troops, regulars and volunteers, rose in the night and charged the hill at San Juan.

It is a stirring tale of valor and heroism, equal in gallantry to any deed that the world has ever seen. When Lieutenant Hobson, with his chosen band of men, amid shot and shell and deadly fire sunk the Merrimac at the entrance to Santiago harbor he gave to the world an object lesson in bravery, and demonstrated that commercial pursuits had not quenched the flame of patriotic endeavor, that had been slumbering in the breasts of American youth, to be fanned into action by our country's danger. Love of country is an index of good citizenship, and only that land can maintain its integrity for which its citizens are not ashamed or afraid to suffer, to fight, or to die. America, after pouring out its blood and treasure, gave Cuba her independence and when Spain sued for terms, we gave her $20,000,000 for what was already ours by force of arms.

Memorial Day.

Old, old men in carriages, trundling along so slow;
Old, old men a-marching, with the spirit of long ago;
Old, old flags furled straitly, dreaming of sword and shell;
All that is left of the old war, save the tale the histories tell.

Young men marching briskly, all in their khaki brown,
Heroes of Santiago or far Manila town.
Wounded they never weakened. They suffered and yet they sang,
And over the land long shackled the hymns of Freedom rang!

O white heads bowed and feeble! O brown heads high and proud,
We love you and pray God bless you! we who stand in the crowd.
And we thank the merciful Father that, all our history through,
He has given us such a memory and such a hope as you!

—*Florence Evelyn Pratt.*

Youth's Companion, May 30, 1901.

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The People Triumphant.

In the efforts of the people, of the people struggling for their rights, moving not in organized, disciplined masses, but in their spontaneous action, man for man, and heart for heart, there is something glorious. They can then move forward without orders, act together without combination, and brave the flaming lines of battle without intrenchments to cover, or walls to shield them. No dissolute camp has worn off from the feelings of the youthful soldier the freshness of that home, where his mother and sisters sit waiting, with tearful eyes and aching hearts, to hear good news from the wars. No long service in the ranks of the conqueror has turned the veteran's heart into marble. Their valor springs not from recklessness, from habit, from indifference to the preservation of a life knit by no pledges to the lives of others; but in the spirit and the strength of the cause alone, they act, contend, and bleed. In this, they conquer!

The people always conquer! They always must conquer! Armies may be defeated; kings may be overthrown; and new dynasties be imposed by foreign arms, on an ignorant and slavish race, that care not in what language the covenant of their subjugation runs, nor in whose the deed of their barter and sale is made out. But the people never invade; and when they rise against the invader, are never subdued. If they are driven from the plains, they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks and everlasting hills are their castles; the tangled, pathless thicket their palisade; and nature, God, is their ally. Now he overwhelms the hosts of their enemies beneath His drifting mountains of sand; now He buries them under a falling atmosphere of polar snows. He lets loose His tempests on their fleets. He puts a folly into their counsels, a madness into the hearts of their leaders; and He never gave, and never will give, a final triumph over a virtuous and gallant people, resolved to be free.

—EDWARD EVERETT.

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The Honored Dead.

They that die for a good cause are redeemed from death. Their names are gathered and garnered. Their memory is precious. Each place grows proud for them who were born there. Children shall grow up under more sacred inspirations whose elder brothers, dying nobly for country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bore it. Orphan children shall find thousands of fathers and mothers to love and help those whom dying heroes left as a legacy to the gratitude of the public.

Oh, tell me not that they are dead, that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes! They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead who speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet move upon society and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears. He was your son; but now he is the nation's. He made your household bright; now his example inspires a thousand households. Dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth in the land. Before, he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you; now he is augmented, set free, and given to all. He has died from the family, that he might live to the nation!

—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A Memorial Exercise.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

a. Hark! hear the distant beat of drums
And tread of feet. What army comes
With martial melodies today
When winds among the branches play
A symphony of peace? Has war
Its trumpet-challenge sent afar
Again, as in the days that still
Our thoughts with battle-memories thrill?

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No, 'tis an amy marching forth
From hills and valleys of the North,
Whose hands are filled with flowers to lay
On soldier-heroes' graves today.
To music sad, and low, and sweet,
Keeps time the tread of many feet;
And every heart is filled with pride
For those who fought and those who died
In Freedom's battles,—resting now
Beneath the grasses growing green.

b. Now they rest in peace
With clasped hands upon their breast;
And it may be they know today
That over them the flowers of May
Are scattered thick by loving hands
To tell them we remember still
Their valorous deeds—and always will.
I think each soldier understands
The loving thought we tell in flowers
Above these cherished graves of ours.

c. Hark! they are singing as they come
A song in memory of the dead,
While slowly beats the muffled drum
And flags are floating overhead.

d. *Song.*

We are bringing sweetest flowers
On each soldier's grave to lay
In remembrance of the heroes
Who are resting here today;
They are dead,—yet they are living
In these memories of ours,
As we strew their graves with flowers.

Chorus:

Rest, oh heroes, strife is over
Underneath the grass and clover;
Rest, while we with blossoms cover
Your low, green graves today.

Ever more will we remember
You who gave your lives for Right,—
Following bravely, dying grandly
Where the Old Flag led to fight;
He who dies like you for Freedom,
When her banner is unfurled,
Gives his life for all the world.

Chorus:

e. What memories rise as by each grave
They scatter flowers of those who gave
On Freedom's altar, in the strife,
All that they had to give—their life!
We live the war days o'er again,
We hear the call, "To arms!" And then
We see the soldier kiss goodbye
His loved ones—and go forth to die
If God so wills it. Everywhere

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Is sound of parting and of prayer
For those who go, and those who stay.
And then we see them march away
Toward the South, where 'gainst the sky
We see the flags of battle fly.
How many went! How few came back!
With graves is marked the army's track.
We cannot tell where many sleep
For whom a loving thought we keep.
But, tho' unmarked by board or stone,
God knows—He marks no grave "Unknown;"
Tho' on those far-off graves today
No flower these hands of ours can lay,
Each mound is green, could we but see,
With immortelles of memory.

f. Lo! comes our Nation—mother now,
With laurel wreathed about her brow,
And pauses by the Soldier's tomb
That burgeons with its fragrant bloom.
For her what precious things he gave!
Behold! she lays upon his grave
Her crown of fadeless laurel now.
Oh mother with the uncrowned brow,
The memory of thy dear, thy dead,
Is like a halo 'round thy head.
Oh, wear it proudly! Let it be
The one most glorious crown for thee!

g. And see! the spirit of the North draws near
And meets the spirit of the Southland here;
And in their hands are flowers they've wrought
In words that tell their kindred thought.
"Peace" and "Good will." Oh, blessed words are these!
Good will to all! In all the land be Peace!

h. The North and South across the grave clasp hands
And bow before the Nation as she stands
Before them in her pride, and lo! her face
Is bright with gladness in this holy place.
At last the strife and hatred die away
In brothers' hearts on this Memorial Day.
And o'er the graves where sleep the Blue and Gray

i. Let peace be pledged—Peace and Good Will for aye!

Song.

Over the graves of the Blue and the Gray
Let love scatter flowers to hide hate away;
"Peace!" speak the graves from the valley and hill—
Glorious and blessed message, "Peace and good will."

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Suggestions for Presentation of "A Memorial Exercise."

(Written especially for the MEMORIAL DAY ANNUAL.)

This is a beautiful exercise for Memorial Day. It was written sixteen years ago, and has been much used in manuscript form, but has never before been in print. For presentation, twelve persons are required—a good speaker to recite the poem; a tall lady of graceful dignity to represent the Nation; a young miss of light complexion to act the part of the North, and one of dark hair and complexion for the South; and eight little flower girls who can sing. All should be dressed for their parts, and the flower girls should have pretty baskets full of blossoms.

There should be a platform about 10x12 feet in size, high enough to allow all in the room to see the exercises. Just back from the center there may be arranged a little sod-covered mound in the form of a grave, and this grave may stand for the grave of every Union soldier. If convenient, a little monument may be placed at the head of this grave. It may be made of rough boards and neatly covered with white muslin. The platform may be covered with thin green sod and made to look like a corner in a quiet cemetery. The exercises may be held around this grave.

When the speaker begins, the Nation, the North and the South should be out of sight back of the platform, ready to appear at the proper time. The flower girls should be concealed in some closet on the opposite side of the room from the platform. If a boy with a drum can be with them, it will be helpful to the effect for him to beat the drum lightly during the first few lines of the recitation.

From a to b the speaker should assume a listening attitude, and seem deeply intent on the army coming with flowers. From b to c she will naturally give her attention to the grave. At c she resumes her listening attitude. At c the flower girls will sing, so as to make the song seem far away, to the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," the first verse of the song, d to e. They sing this while the speaker recites from c to d. At the close of the first stanza, some one who knows just when to do so, will open the door and they will march, slowly singing the song from the begin-

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ning, around to the platform, ascend and take places—four on each side of the grave and near the edge of the platform. When they come to the chorus they should all step in time to the words, "Rest, oh heroes, strife is over" to the grave, and when they sing "Rest, while we with blossoms cover," scatter flowers over it. As they sing, "Your low, green graves today," they may all step slowly in time to their words back to their places. They stand there while they sing the second stanza, and at the chorus repeat the exercise of approaching the grave and scattering flowers. Stepping back to their places they will stand there, giving their attention to the speaker as she proceeds. While the girls are singing and scattering flowers the speaker will give them her interested attention.

At f the speaker turns to see the Nation stepping quietly to her place, resting her left hand on the top of the monument and standing there with her eyes fixed on the grave now covered with flowers. The flower girls should be deeply interested in the Nation. At the word "Behold!" the Nation quietly takes from her brow her crown of leaves and lays it on the grave.

At g the North slowly approaches from the rear to one side of the grave and the South to the other side, both having their whole attention devoted to the little mound. The North carries in her hand, so that the audience can see it, the legend, PEACE, and the South, GOOD WILL. The North sets hers on the grave against the monument; the South sets hers at the foot of the grave. Both should be in sight of the people.

At h the North and South clasp hands and kneel and the Nation looks upon them with peculiar interest, as do the speaker and flower girls. At i the flower girls burst out brightly and clearly in the song, using the tune "Ring the bell, watchman."

This closing scene, if well managed, will be a beautiful and impressive tableau. The exercise is best fitted for the close of the Memorial Day program. It is a fitting time for the minister present, having been previously asked to do so, to step to the platform and pronounce the benediction. All this is intended only as suggestive. The plan may be changed to suit conditions.

It may be said that just one *giggling girl* on this program will spoil the whole of what otherwise may be made very beautiful and impressive.

H. W. R.

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Closing Paragraphs From Memorial Address.

(Delivered by Geo. B. Nelson, at Amherst, Wisconsin, May 30, 1903.)

Do we today fully realize as we scatter flowers upon the graves of soldiers dead, the debt we owe these men who sleep beneath the sod? I trust we do, and that in some small way, each one of us, each year we live may do some service which will make our institutions better and our great republic true.

To the union soldiers, to you members of the Grand Army of the Republic, is due the credit for carrying our country triumphantly through her greatest crisis. Other trying times have been but they are all incomparable with the one you saw and met. Secession was the deadliest foe that reared its head above the horizon of our nation. To have permitted separation then would have resulted in our utter annihilation. To have allowed the southern states to go in peace would have been to blast our every national hope and place destruction in our path. Your valor and the lives of your dead comrades preserved to your posterity and the world the manifold blessings of a great, free republic. The debt posterity owes you can be paid only by a thousand years of almost sacred devotion to that country which your efforts insured to coming generations.

All honor to the boys of '61 and '62, '3, '4, and '5. The years have rolled against eternity's shore, and sorrowful as is the thought you are boys no longer. Great numbers of you have passed the summit and are now tottering down the hill of life, soon, all too soon, to sleep together at its base.

> Your eyes once bright are dimmed by age;
> Your locks once brown are streaked with gray
> Your arms once strong are weak with years
> But in your minds still live the thoughts that you have saved
> a nation, freed a race.

What if your days of rest begin on the morrow? You have lived to see your country in the fore rank of the nations of the world. Your days have been bounteously lengthened that you might behold your country, once torn and bleeding in the awful agony of

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civil war, strongly reunited. You have lived to see your country tower a young giant among the nations of the earth,—still true to her fundamental principles of freedom and liberty. You have seen the strong arm of your country go out and strike a blow for the oppressed and down-trodden of earth and establish liberty and justice where tyranny reigned supreme. But better than all these you have lived to see your country and her people strongly reunited; her scars and wounds almost forgotten. You have lived to see the sons of those who wore the blue, and of those who wore the gray, go forth shoulder to shoulder, to battle for a common cause, the cause of a suffering republic.

Doesn't it seem almost incredible that but thirty-eight years have passed away since the surrender of Lee at Appomatox and the fall of the Confederacy? In no other country in the world could there have been such a rapid welding of the parts once torn asunder by awful passion, bitterness and hate. The message of the beloved Grant to the Southland,—"Let us have peace"—has blossomed like the rose and today the spirit of forgiveness seems to animate the hearts of all. We are about ready to forget the angry passion that once existed and remember only that all who fought and fell were brave, that all who struggled were America's sons.

At no time since the war have so many of our people been able to repeat with the poet those lines which contain so much healing, Christian sentiment.

"On the moss covered dell,
Side by side as they fell,
We have tenderly laid them to rest.
Who shall tell us today,
Which is blue, which is gray,
From the sods that lie cold on their breast?

"Bloom the roses as red
On their moss covered bed,
And the mocking bird carols as free.
Droops the willow as low
O'er friend as o'er foe,
Sighs the zephyr as soft to the sea.

"Lightly tread on the grave,
Where were buried the brave,
Scatter roses and garlands for all.

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As we think how they died,
Let us kneel by their side,
And remember 'tis heroes that fall.

"Were they right, were they wrong,
'Tis to God they belong.
'Tis his to reject or receive.
Ours to honor the clay
Of the blue and the gray,
Doubly ours to forget and forgive."

Truly the hour of a reunited nation is at hand. How much of joy these years must have for you! The best years of your lives were consecrated to a united America, and now the glorious results of your work are seen about complete.

May God in his infinite wisdom make your days long, giving you peace and contentment in your declining years, always extending to you the hand which sooths, and sustains and comforts. Let us who are young resolve to be true to the lesson which the lives of the boys in blue so beautifully and strikingly teach. Let us be true to our country, and always endeavor to make her the embodiment of truth, justice and humanity.

And now let us to their graves, and scatter flowers to show our love and gratitude.

"Here falls today love's equinoctial rain
Of buds and blossoms that will fade away
Tomorrow and we seek them here in vain.
Will nothing last forever and a day
That we can bring for tribute? Have you thought
How near immortal a forget-me-not?
That violet's eye is only closed awhile
For fresher fragrance and a brighter smile?
That old blush roses truly live fovever?
That all these fleeting creatures are never
In deadest winter or in darkest night,
Without a resurrection day in sight?
Then let the pansies rain and lilies snow,
Till earth's last flower of May forgets to blow;
So shall the story of these dead of ours,
Spring to new life as deathless as the flowers."

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Peace.

(Written especially for the MEMORIAL DAY ANNUAL.)

Who that has looked upon the battle-scarred flags in the Capitol at Madison has not been deeply moved at their suggestions?

Bull Run, Shiloh, Williamsburg, Antietam, Cedar Mountain, Corinth, Stone River, Chancellorsville, Chickamauga, Vicksburg, Gettysburg, the Peninsula—these are hallowed ground in the memory of every loyal citizen of Wisconsin because her sons here dared and died for Truth. Wisconsin men fought in every important battle in the Rebellion. At duty's call, 71,327 of Wisconsin's chivalry left home and all that they most loved. Of this number 12,301 were either killed outright, mortally wounded or died as a result of disease, southern prisons or accident. In addition to this loss of life, $11,704,932.55 were expended by the state to establish the right.

Many times were Badger pulses made to beat more quickly at words of praise given by those in authority for deeds of valor done. A nation of heroes was developed by these sacrifices.

The children of those days saw their fathers go forth to battle amid the strains of martial music. They joined in the sorrow of those who saw them depart. They shared the anxiety and uncertainty after news of a great battle. They formed part of the group around the reader of the telegram on that terrible Sunday after Gettysburg.

They saw the father as he came home upon his furlough. They heard the bells and saw the bonfires that celebrated Richmond's fall. They saw the sun-bronzed veterans return and realized again the presence of a father whom they had almost forgotten. They became burden-bearers in taking up the work of one who would never return. Plans for college life were gladly given up. They realized from experience the full measure of devotion which war meant.

Is there danger that their children's children forget? Not while parents and teachers magnify these sacrifices. Teachers of his-

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tory today must vivify the narrative of history until the children of today feel and resolve with those of '61.

Nor must it be forgotten that our enemies in this terrible struggle suffered equally and we must share our sympathy with the fallen foe. Today the North and the South are realizing Lincoln's prayer.

And yet, Peace hath her victories not less than War. War is only an incident in a wholly beneficent economy. In the evolution of civilization it will ultimately disappear.

Teachers are coming to see that armies and navies, men killed and wounded, the material loss are only the external phenomena. War itself is entirely within the mind of men.

The greatest evil of war is not in loss of property, the battle, the pain, the wounds, the disease. Terrible as these are more terrible is the hatred toward fellow-man that War engenders.

This is true not alone among the combatants, but also among all sympathizers. Even school children imbibe this hatred.

Christ's voice is not heard as he gently says "Love your enemies."

Let us have faith to believe that war is drawing to a close. That moral, ethical, industrial and even political differences will be settled by other arbitrament than arms.

What are some of the causes which bring into being and nourish this war spirit? What are the sources whence springs the worship for the hero of War rather than the hero of Peace?

I recently asked pupils in our seventh and eighth grades to bring me a list of the ten men whom they thought had done the most good in the world, were the greatest men.

With almost no exception the names of the world's great warriors headed the list. With reluctance could anyone be found to admit that Booker T. Washington shared honors with Dewey. Our fiction lauds the military hero. Too prominent a place is given in art to battle scenes rather than to beauty and spirituality.

In poetry, the Epic and the Charge of the Light Brigade have had and must continue to have great value in inciting to higher ideals; but has not the time now come for emphasizing the Pastoral, the Hymn to the Nativity?

In music, shall not the line in the Battle Hymn of the Republic,

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"In the Beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the Sea," find an echo in our hearts rather than the line "I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps"?

Shall not a civilized patronage at our theaters demand plays depicting the humble, peaceful scenes in life in preference to the spectacular war drama, inciting as it so often does, the worst spirit instead of the better?

Who uses brush and canvas to better purpose in inciting the passions of our children, a Vereschaugen or a Rosa Bonheur?

W. H. CHEEVER.

Our Beautiful Banner.

Beautiful banner,
  Our flag of the free,—
Emblem of freedom
  For you and for me.

Beautiful colors
  Floating on high,—
Crimson and white
  With tints of the sky.

Tossed by the breezes,
  The red, white and blue
In harmony mingle—
  Entrancing to view.

Red is for courage
  To stand in the fight,—
The long-drawn-out conflict
  Of right against might.

White is the symbol
  Of all that is pure,
Of that which makes men
  Better and truer.

Blue is for loyalty
  Steadfast and true,—
Devotion to country
  And fellow-men, too.

Beautiful symbol
  In red, white and blue,
Waving to bid us
  Be brave, pure and true.

H. W. Rood.

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One Way of Observing Memorial Day.

(Written especially for the MEMORIAL DAY ANNUAL.)

Pupils march from school house four abreast. At a distance of about 20 feet, columns divide and march in double column to form a hollow square. At given signals pupils face in. A color bearer (from Post) steps into the center of square.

Children together salute the flag, repeating the flag salute:

"We give our heads and our hearts to God and our country,
One country, one language, and one *Flag*. And peace forevermore."

Then repeating together:

In memory of those brave men who left homes, parents, wives, children, and for four long years endured all the sufferings of camp life and the horrors of the battle-field that we might enjoy a united country freed from the curse of slavery—to these brave men we today offer our prayers of thanksgiving and our tribute of flowers.

Some song is then sung.

The command is then given, and they "fall in" behind the G. A. R. and W. R. C. At cemetery, a squad is detailed to decorate each grave. This squad consists of four boys and four girls. The girls carry flowers, and the boys flags. The boys stand at each corner of the grave. The girls at each side. They are given the command "Decorate." The boys place flags and the girls flowers. Then they unite in singing "Cover Them Over With Flowers."

As it is not always possible to find children of the same size who are independent in their singing, a quartette passes from one grave to the other to lead the singing. The decorating by the children is done after the soldiers have done theirs, or rather the squad of soldiers are at the grave the same time as are the children and place their flowers first.

Some may feel that this savors too much of a martial celebration. If the children have been made to feel the sacredness of the day they will enter into it with a reverential spirit and feel it an honor as well as a duty to help in showing respect to the Nation's dead.

MATTIE L. LARKIN.

Grand Rapids, Wis.

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The Call to the Colors.

"Are you ready, O Virginia,
Alabama, Tennessee?
People of the Southland, answer!
For the land hath need of thee."
"Here!" from sandy Rio Grande,
Where the Texan horsemen ride.
"Here!" the hunters of Kentucky
Hail from Chatterawha's side.
Every toiler in the cotton,
Every rugged mountaineer,
Velvet-voiced and iron-handed,
Lifts his head to answer "Here!"
Some remain who charged with Pickett,
Some survive who followed Lee;
They shall lead their sons to battle
For the flag if need there be."

"Are you ready, California,
Arizona, Idaho?
'Come, oh come unto the colors!'
Heard ye not the bugle blow?"
Falls a hush in San Francisco
In the busy hives of trade;
In the vineyards of Sonoma
Fall the pruning knife and spade;
In the mines of Colorado
Pick and drill are flung aside;
Idly in Seattle harbor
Swing the merchants to the tide.
And a million mighty voices
Throb responsive like a drum
Rolling from the rough Sierras,
"You have called us, and we come."

O'er Missouri sounds the challenge—
O'er the great lakes and the plain:
"Are you ready, Minnesota?
Are you ready, men of Maine?"
From the woods of Ontonagon,
From the farms of Illinois.
From the looms of Massachusetts:
"We are ready, man and boy."
Axemen free, of Androscoggin,
Clerks who trudge the cities' paves,
Gloucester men who drag their plunder
From the sullen hungry waves,
Big-boned Swede and large-limbed German,
Celt and Saxon swell the call.
And the Adirondacks echo:
"We are ready, one and all."

Truce to feud and peace to faction!
All forgot is party zeal
When the warships clear for action,
When the blue battalions wheel.

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Europe boasts her standing armies—
  Serfs who blindly fight by trade;
We have seven million soldiers
  And a soul guides every blade.
Laborers with arm and mattock,
  Laborers with brain and pen,
Railroad prince and railroad brakeman
  Build our line of fighting men.
Flag of righteous wars! close mustered
  Gleam the bayonets, row on row,
When thy stars are sternly clustered
  With their daggers toward the foe.

—*Arthur Guitarman.*

The Blosssom Army.

Why are the grave little pansy faces
  In long procession assembled here?
And the violets' eyes bear dewy traces,
  In their sweet blue depths, of a pearly tear?
Why, in the happy, bright May weather,
  Have the lovely flowers all met together,
From the forest nooks and the wildwood places,
  And the spicy gardens far and near?

The little children have borne them hither,
  The tender blue and the white and red,
Into the quiet churchyard, whither
  They come to honor the nation's dead.
The fair flower-army without number
  Gather to guard the soldier's slumber,
Brightly to bloom and sweetly to wither
  Over the soldier-boy's grassy bed.

—*E. H. T.*

Youth's Companion, May 25, 1899.

Memorial Day.

The cycling years again have brought
  To us Memorial Day,
The gallant men who bravely fought
  For us, are old and gray.
Their numbers, year by year, grow less
  And more are laid away,
Where we with flowers their graves may dress
  On each Memorial Day.

Then bring the blossoms fair and sweet
  To deck each grass grown bed,
While, reverently, we all repeat
  "Here lie our honored dead."
Whose memory we will all revere
  Till time shall pass away,
And sacred keep with every year
  A new Memorial Day.

—*Selected.*

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QUOTATIONS

CROWN WITH FLOWERS.

Children, you were spared the sorrow
That was brought with war and strife;
O'er this land sweet Peace has brooded
All your young and happy life.

But to you is given this duty;
To remember the dead brave,
And to crown with fairest flowers
Every noble soldier's grave.

—*Lizbeth B. Comins.*

There were silent factors in the war—soldiers whose fame it is not the custom to sing—soldiers outside the ranks who never bore arms, and yet bore all the burdens of war—soldiers as much beloved by those in front and more than the commander-in-chief himself, and whose sympathy and courage and work in the war were a strong support and aid in its successful issue. I allude to our loyal women. God alone knows what they suffered, and did it, how nobly!

—*C. H. Long.*

MEMORIAL DAY.

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!
  The thoughts of men shall be
As sentinels to keep
  Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green
  We deck with fragrant flowers,
Yours has the suffering been
  The memory shall be ours.

—*Longfellow.*

The ideal citizen is the man who believes that all men are brothers and the nation is merely an extension of his family to be loved, respected, and cared for accordingly. Such a man attends personally to all civic duties with which he deems himself charged. Those which are within his own control he would no more trust to his inferiors than he would leave the education of his children to kitchen servants. The public demands upon his time, thought, and money, come upon him suddenly, and often they find him ill prepared; but he nerves himself to the inevitable, knowing that in the village, state, and nation, any mistake or neglect upon his part must impose a penalty sooner or later upon those whom he loves.

—*John Habberton.*

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LET LITTLE HANDS.

Let little hands bring blossoms sweet
To brave men lying low;
Let little hearts to soldiers dead
Their love and honor show.
We'll love the flag they loved so well,
The dear old banner bright,
We'll love the land for which they fell
With soul, and strength, and might.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty,—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars: they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death.

—*Ingersoll.*

BRING FLOWERS.

Bring flowers, to strew again
With fragrant purple rain
Of lilacs, and of roses white and red,
The dwellings of our dead—our glorious dead.
Let the bells ring a solemn funeral chime,
And wild war-music bring anew the time,
When they who sleep beneath
Were full of vigorous breath,
And in their lusty manhood sallied forth.

—*Selected.*

But patriotism lies deeper still. It slumbers in the ordinary calm of quiet days, but in the hour of emergency, in the moment of the nation's deep distress, when drums beat forth a sounding clamor, and when the flag, mystic magic symbol of a nation's life, waves forth and catches the day gleams on its radiant folds—then patriotism, man's loftiest love beneath the skies, blazes forth and sweeps before it, all love, all hope, all fear.

—*Green.*

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

Scatter your flowers alike today
Over the graves of the Blue and Gray.
Time has healed all the nation's scars
Peace has hushed all the noise of wars,
And North and South, and East and West,
There beats but one heart in the nation's breast.

—*Mary N. Robinson.*

He serves his party best who serves his country best.

—*R. B. Hayes.*

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OUR TRIBUTE.

It is little we can do
To show our love for you,
O warriors blest!
But our fairest, choicest flowers
Shall fall in fragrant flowers
Where you rest.

ON BEAUTIFUL MAY MORNINGS.

On beautiful May mornings I often watch and wait
Where lilies ot the valley grow beside the garden gate;
For when the white flowers open in fragrance and in grace,
A lovely garland I shall make for my soldier's resting-place.
When I lay the wreath upon his grave on Decoration Day,
I shall dream of the bright May morning when the soldiers marched away,
When to all they loved so dearly they said a sad good-by,
And think how grand a thing it was for their native land to die.

—*Mary F. Butts.*

Youth's Companion, May 25, 1899.

SOLDIER'S DAY.

Flowers today for the soldier's grave.
Strew them there where sleep the brave.
Flowers today, forever and aye,
Let memory hold the soldier's day.

The United States is the only country with a known birthday. All the rest begun they know not when and grew into power they know not how. If there had beeen no independence day, England and America combined would not be so great as each actually is. There is no "Republican," no "Democrat" on the Fourth of July,—all are Americans. All feel that their country is greater than party.

— *James G. Blaine.*

THE VOLUNTEER SPEAKS.

Yes, I am ready to be
A soldier by land or sea,
For my heart is warm and true;
I am my country's knight
Peace will I keep—or fight—
Just as she bids me do.

—*Edith Thomas.*

If I have a wish dearer to my soul than that my ashes may be mingled with those of a Warren and a Montgomery, it is, that these American states will never cease to be free and independent.

—*Samuel Adams.*

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IN MEMORY.

Little feet, come, gather round
Where the soldier's grave is found.
Little fingers crown his rest
With the flowers you love best.

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.

—*J. G. Holland.*

Weave your garlands bright
Before the May-time closes;
Pansies blue and white
And blushing buds of roses.

Blue and white and red
The lonely graves they'll cover;
And o'er each grassy bed
The stars and stripes shall hover.

Let this work be wrought
Before the May-time closes,
And bring your loving thought
More precious than the roses.

A mere life of ease is not in the end a satisfactory life, and above all it is a life which ultimately unfits those who follow it for serious work in the world.

—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—Lest we forget.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

A veteran of the war is dearer and nearer even than the flag. He is a living flag, starred and scarred.

—*O'Rielly.*

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I with uncovered head
Salute the sacred dead,
Who went and return not.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

And so in a sense these soldiers dead, cherished by loving hearts, honored by this great commonwealth, have passed into the mighty pantheon of our history. They are not yours any more, but the nation's. And wherever they lie, under foreign skies amid the wreck of hard-fought fields, there shall stand forevermore though unseen by human eyes the guardian sentinel of a nation's love.

—*Green.*

Of the Blue or the Gray, what matter today?
For each some fond heart weeps;
So, children dear, make the spot less drear
Wherever a soldier sleeps.

—*Selected.*

The power, the divine power, which furrowed the land with battle fields, sowing it deep and broadcast with sorrow, will reap thence for us, and for ages, a nation of freedom and free men; where tolerance shall walk hand in hand with religion, whilst civilization points out to patriotism the many open highways to human right and glory.

—*Watterson.*

May has a sacred day,
When the people lay crowns of lilies and crowns of bay,
On the gallant dust of the Blue and the Gray—
Memorial Day.

By a secret alchemy patriotism touches the most commonplace of life, and transforms it into lofty heroism. It hurls men forth forgetful of themselves, to hazard life itself at fearful odds. It nerves men up to do, to dare, to die, and as they die, to turn and, with eyes that are dimming to earth forever, breathe forth their last breath in a cheer for the flag they have followed.

—*Green.*

We'll bring them today the violets blue
And roses red and white,
The colors bright they love so true
For God and home and right.

We honor our heroes and patriotic dead by being true men; as true men by faithfully fighting the battles of our day as they fought the battles of their day. The flower of a true and beautiful life is the flower to put upon the soldier's grave. Trueness to our country is the best way to honor the soldier who fell in defense of his country.

—*David Gregg.*

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Not simply a show-time, boys and girls,
Is this day of falling flowers;
Not a pageant, a play,
Nor a holiday
Of flags and floral bowers.

—*Selected.*

Let the national flag float over every school house in the country, and the exercises be such as shall impress upon our youth the patriotic duties of American citizens.

—*Benjamin Harrison.*

Death never comes too soon, if necessary, in defense of the liberties of our country.

—*Story.*

I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country.

—*Nathan Hale.*

The nation's holy of holies is about the resting place of her soldier dead.

—*Green.*

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SONGS

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnish'd rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners so with you my grace shall deal;"
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

AMERICA FOREVER.

(To the tune of Yankee Doodle.)

We love our country great and free,
We love each mount and valley;
But more than these that banner bright
Round which all freemen rally.
We'll have no traitors in our midst,—
We'll fight for freedom ever;
And serve with love our native land,
America forever!

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THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.
We will rally from the hill-side, we'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

Chorus—
The Union forever, hurrah! boys, hurrah,
Down with the traitor. up with the star,
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen more,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.—*Chorus.*

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true and brave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And altho' they may be poor, not a man shall be a slave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.—*Chorus.*

So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.—*Chorus.*

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WE'RE TENTING TO-NIGHT.

WALTER KITTREDGE.

1. We're tent - ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer Our
2. We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone by, Of the
3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Ma - ny are dead and gone, Of the
4. We've been fighting to - day on the old camp ground, Ma - ny are ly - ing near;

wea - ry hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.
lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good bye!"
brave and true who've left their homes, Oth - ers been wounded long.
Some are dead, and some are dying, Ma - ny are in tears.

Chorus.

Ma - ny are the hearts that are wea - ry to - night, Wishing for the war to cease.

Many are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace, Tenting to-night,

Last v.—Dying to-night,

Last time. ppp

Tenting to-night, Tenting on the old camp ground.
Dy - ing to-night, (*Omit.*) Dy - ing on the old camp ground.

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Cover Them Over With Flowers.

Miss M. H. Howliston,

1. Cov-er them o-ver with flow'rs; The choic-est of na - ture's store
2. Honor the country they loved, ♩ Hon-or the col-ors that wave
3. Ev-er their mem'ry hold dear, ♩ Ev - er their prais - es sing,

Are not too choice for our sol-dier boys, Sleeping to wake no more.
♩ Over the Union our sol - dier boys, Part-ed with life to save.
♩ Ever the graves of our sol - dier boys, Deck with the blossoms of spring.

Chorus.

O-ver them car-ol of bird Flick-er of sunlight and shade;

Rit.

Peace to thee, soldier boys, Rest thou in peace; Ne'er shall thy laurels fade.
lau - rels fade.

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Flowers for the Brave.

E. W. Chapman.
By permission of Harper Bros.

Tschirch.

Moderato.

mf

1. Once a-gain the flow'rs we ga - ther On these sa - cred mounds to
2. But these brave men now are sleeping, While their deeds in mem-'ry

Moderato.

mf

lay; O'er the tombs of fall - en her - oes Float the stars and stripes to-
live, And the tri - bute we are bringiug 'Tis the nation's joy to

f

f

mf

day. From the mountain, hill, and val - ley Is - sued
give. Bring bright flow'rs the graves to gar - land, Let the

mf

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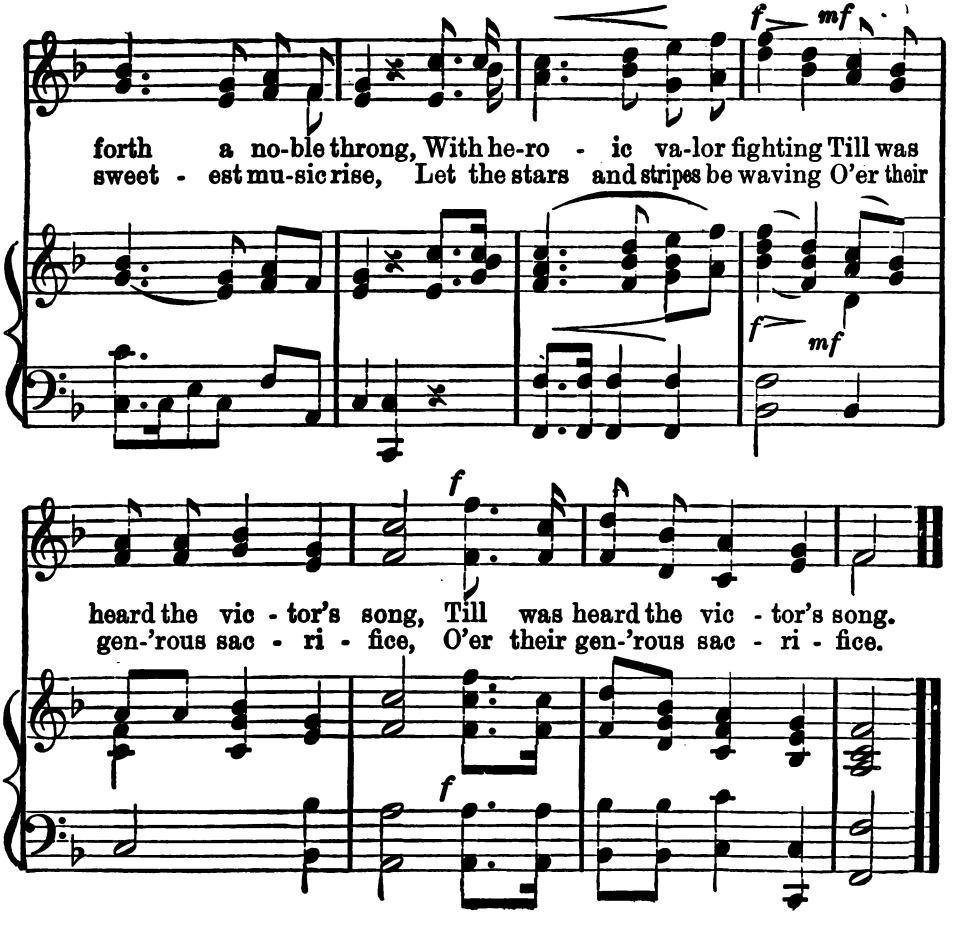
Flowers for the Brave. 145



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130 Flag Song.

Lydia Avery Coonley. Eleanor Smith.

By permission of the Thomas Charles Company.

Con spirito.

mf

1. Some flags are red, or white, or green; And some are yel - low, too; But the dear, dear flag that we love best, Is red, and white, and blue. Then, hail the flag, the bon - ny flag, of red, and white, and blue!

2. We love our na - tive country's flag, To it our hearts are true; A - bove us wave, in splendid folds, The red, and white, and blue. Then, hail the flag, the bon - ny flag, of red, and white, and bluo!

Con spirito.

mf

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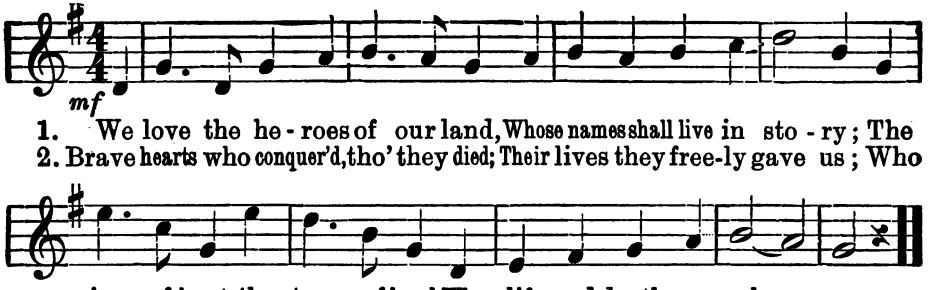
Our Heroes.

Andante. *Methfessel.*



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FLOWERS FOR THE BRAVE.

E. W. Chapman.
Bellini. "Norma."

Andantino.

p *cres.* *f*

1. Once a - gain the flowers we gath - er On these sa - cred mounds to lay; O'er the
2. But these brave men now are sleeping While their deeds in memo - ry live, And the
3. Swords no more are bright-ly flashing, Foes no more our land mo - lest; Slumb'ring
4. Swift-ly now the years are roll-ing, While the hon - or and the fame Of the

dim. *mf*

tombs of fall - en he - roes' Float the stars and stripes to - day. From the mountain, hill, and
trib - ute we are bringing 'Tis the na - tion's joy to give. Bring we here the gold and
in the green-clad val - ley, Low and peace-ful is their rest. Earth to them was full of
val - iant brave in - creas-es, And more dear each no - ble name. Bring the flow'rs the grave to

val - ley, Is - sued forth a no - ble throng, With he - ro ic val - or fight - ing Till was
pur-ple, Scarlet, blue, and lil - y white, Tas-sels from the sil - ver birch - es And the
promise, Home and friends and life were dear, But when loud the war-cry ech - oed, Quick the
garland, Let the sweetest mu-sic rise, Let the stars and stripes be wav - ing, O'er their

f *rit.*

heard the vic - tor's song. With he - ro - ic val - or fighting Till was heard the vic-tor's song.
tu - lips gay and bright. Tas - sels from the sil - ver birches And the tu - lips gay and bright.
an - swer, "We are here." But when loud the war-cry echoed, Quick the answer, "We are here."
gen'rous sac - ri - fice. Let the stars and stripes be waving O'er their gen'rous sac - ri - fice.

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SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

SONG ..... *Flowers for the Brave,* p. 70.

ROLL CALL ..... *Answer by quotations.*

READING ..... *Old Abe, the Wisconsin War Eagle,* p. 10.

RECITATION ..... *Gettysburg Address,* p. 29.

SONG ..... *Battle Hymn of the Republic,* p. 66.

RECITATION ..... *The Call to the Colors,* p. 58.

ADDRESS ..... *By Comrade, or A War Veteran Talks,* p. 38.

SONG ..... *We're Tenting Tonight,* p. 68.

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